

WEEKLY

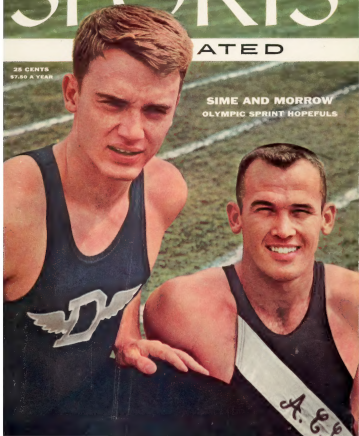
JULY 2, 1956

SPORTS

ATED

25 CENTS
\$7.50 A YEAR

SIME AND MORROW
OLYMPIC SPRINT HOPEFULS





©Carling Beverage Company, Chelmsford, G., Bedford, H., St. John, Wb.

...and you'll drink *Red Cap*



FIRST, think of the lightest, driest beer you ever tasted.

NEXT, think of the extra flavor and "heart" that only fine ale can give.

NOW, think of them both together. That's RED CAP—the light-hearted ale! Next time you're thirsty, think—and drink RED CAP, Carling's Red Cap Ale.

*I am thinking . . .
so now I'm drinking Red Cap . . .
Carling's RED CAP Ale*



THE BEST BREWS IN THE WORLD COME FROM CARLING'S



B.F. Goodrich



Traction Express tires give up to 50% more miles before recaps, trucker reports

LEE WAY MOTOR FREIGHT owns and operates 225 tractors, 450 trailers and 200 pick-up trucks out of Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. These units work 9 hours a day, 6 days a week hauling freight throughout the southwest.

When it comes to tires, Lee Way chooses the B. F. Goodrich Traction Express. Those pictured above have traveled 107,000 miles—nearly 50%

more than other makes—and are not ready for recapping yet. Lee Way reports no tread cracking, better traction and more savings with Traction Express tires.

B. F. Goodrich builds the Traction Express with a tread that's up to 40% thicker than that of a regular tire. Curved cleats grip the road, defying dangerous skids. Under the tread you

can get the B. F. Goodrich all-nylon cord body. Nylon withstands double the impact of ordinary cord materials, resists heat blowouts and flex breaks. An all-nylon Traction Express body outwears even the extra-thick tread, can be recapped over and over!

The Traction Express, called "the 100,000-mile tire" by truckers, comes in all-nylon or rayon construction. See it at your B. F. Goodrich retailer's, or write: B. F. Goodrich Tire & Equipment Co., A Division of The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron 18, Ohio.

Specify B. F. Goodrich tires when ordering new trucks or trailers



LEE WAY uses B. F. Goodrich all-nylon Heavy Duty Express tires as well as Traction Express tires on its 875-unit fleet.

FREE SAFETY REFLECTOR

when you join the Safe Driver League Sponsored by B. F. Goodrich

Sign the safe driving pledge at your B. F. Goodrich retailer's. Show the President's Committee for Traffic Safety you're out to make our highways safe.



Your B. F. Goodrich retailer is listed under Tires in the Yellow Pages of your phone book



COVER: **SANE AND MURROW**
Photograph by Jerry Cohen

Artwork from page 10

The two college sophomores on the cover threaten world sprint marks every time they mouth at the starting blocks. Bobby Morrow (right), the tanned 20-year-old from Adelaide, Christmas, is a good bet to win at Melbourne, and Dave Sene, the Duke redhead, is such a mighty prospect that the U.S. Olympic Committee has shattered all precedent to give him an unusual second chance. For more on these two, see page 10.

Illustration by John

Illustration and Photo Editor

Illustration Editor

Copyright © 1956 by Time Inc.

AND NOW: THE BIGGEST BATTLE OF ALL

The last semifinal to over and the final are drawn for the Olympic track and field Trials. By ROY TERRELL

AMERICA'S NEW GIBSON GIRL

Althea, that is, whose rise to stardom is tennis' most electrifying story. Plus a Wimbledon Preview

FIRST BLOW FOR FITNESS

At Annapolis 140 experts in the President's Conference outline a practical program. By DOROTHY STILL

50 MILLION CAMPERS HIT THE TRAIL

A guide to the U.S.'s greatest camping land, IN COLOR, an eight-page portfolio on a boys' camp by TONY FRANKS

THE PIKES PEAK BOYS

Their name is Timex, and they beat The Mile as though they owned it. By ALBERT ROSENFIELD

THE DEPARTMENTS

● THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT 38

● EVENTS & DISCOVERIES 18

● SCOREBOARD 27

● COMING EVENTS 29

● THE OUTDOOR WEEK 35

● THE 19TH HOLE 33

● PAT ON THE BACK 36

● **Hatbear:** JIMMY JEWELL asks: What do you think of the out-of-bounds penalty in golf?

● **Baseball:** MARY SMITH demonstrates signals in color, and DICK YOUNG feels the Dodgers captured but hopeful

● **Boating:** ERLA BOWEN tells *Flamingo's* story—and his own—in the Bermuda race

● **Motor Sports:** A flying TONER won at Road America, but Briggs Cunningham had a lost weekend

● **Tip from the Taps:** SAM SNEAD advises all golfers to relax for better results

● **Horse Racing:** WHITNEY TOMPKINS writes from Ohio on a small track's problems in going big time

● **Column of the Week:** GORDON COBBLECK takes Cleveland to task

● **Basing:** MARTIN KANE detects signs of socking governors in slugging Rory Calhoun

● **Yesterday:** JOHN DURANT recounts the days of a great Virginia horseman, George Washington. Plus in a series on SPORTS OF PRESIDENTS

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

BASEBALL: ALL-STAR PREVIEW

The players and prospects by Robert Creamer, and a Conversation Piece with Stan Musial by Joan Flynn Drayton

BOXING: A WIFE'S STORY

Johnny Bratton, a great champion in 1951, is now in a state sanitarium. Joanne Bratton describes his rise and tragic fall



HOTBOX



The Question:

What do you think of the out-of-bounds penalty in golf? (Asked at the National Open in Rochester.)

GARY NICHOLSON



*Memphis
Winner of the
1994 Open*

On a golf course like this one (Oak Hill in Rochester) the rule is okay, but I don't like it on courses where they have too many out-of-bounds, say eight or 10. You make a lot of good shots that can go out of bounds on that kind of course. It's too big a penalty.

MORRIS MILEMORE



*Sports editor
Miami Daily News
13 handings*

I think the rule is fair, even though I'm a real, confirmed knacker-out-of-bounds. I could play much better golf. The old rule was not severe enough. It isn't fair to a really good golfer to have a duffer like me drive a ball around a building and get only a one-stroke penalty.

HERBERT GAWSON



*Glen Parry, W. Va.
Metallurgist
1 handings*

It's bad. This rule represents a compromise between the USGA and the Royal and Ancient of Scotland, which governs British golf. You may hit a perfect shot that lands a few inches out of bounds and lose your match. I've put four successive balls in the same out-of-bounds spot.

SAM SNEAD



*White Sulphur
Springs, W. Va.
Golf pro*

Bad. The worst thing in golf is to miss the ball completely, but the penalty is only one stroke. Many courses are surrounded by homes. It's too easy to drive a couple out of bounds. Then you might as well go home. A better rule is to lose only your distance.

WILLIAM C. CHAPIN



*President, Oak Hill
Country Club
1 handings*

I've always thought it was a good rule. The out-of-bounds is usually so far out of the line of play that if you happen to hit there you've really made a bad shot. You might as well take the penalty because it usually takes as many strokes to get back anyway. And it speeds the play.

BILL BAWSETT



*Shrewport, La.
Real estate
1 handings*

It's a pretty rough penalty on us weekend golfers. The pros have better control, and if there's a chance to drive out of bounds they try to steer clear. But even they drive out of bounds. Pros have been known, on rare occasions, to putt out of bounds from the green.

ROBERT TRENT JONES



*Montclair, N.J.
Golf course architect
1 handings*

Overall, to balance the out-of-bounds penalty such as the water hazard, I'd keep it. Under the old rule if you drive out on the first shot, you can still make par. That's bad. Also, the fear of going outside can be designed as a hazard for a particular hole. Thus, accuracy assumes more importance.

BRAE WILLSON



*Sports Editor
Columbus Dispatch
12 handings*

As a golfer I'm strongly opposed to this rule, which we borrowed from the British. We should give it back to them. Without the

rule I could go around in 80. However, as a sports editor, I think it's fair because pros and good amateurs should certainly know how to hit a ball straight.

RAY SPORREN



*San Francisco
PGA tournament
director*

It's not an unfair rule. It applies to all and places a premium on accurate driving. A tournament golfer is usually able to hit the ball where he wants. I'd rather have this rule than the stygian rule we gave up in the agreement with the Royal and Ancient of Scotland.

WEST WEEK:

How do you feel about dogs? (Asked of putters.)

MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER



IT HAS LONG been a common practice for newspapers to do what they can for readers sizzling in summer heat by printing a picture of polar bears splashing in their pool at the local zoo. Next week,

in behalf of SI readers who may be unable to swim their way out of a July heat wave, SI will carry the polar bear story considerably further by reporting in four pages of color pictures by Robert Halmi and a text by William Fisher the account of a polar bear hunt on the Bering Straits.

For Halmi the hunt began in 115° of heat on a Tanganyika safari when he received a change of assignment from SI. One week and 15,000 miles later Halmi found himself 140° cooler as he peered from a plane with Fisher over the frozen water between Alaska and Siberia for sight of a bear of trophy size. For Fisher, a Bellingham, Wash. dentist, the hunt began when he decided, after years of successfully taking grizzlies and brown bears, sheep and caribou, that it was time to try for what is probably the most infrequently hunted of all big game: the polar bear.

The greatest of many challenges in hunting polars lies in the adverse conditions to be overcome in reaching the game. Halmi learned part of the adversity when they finally met the huge bear they sought. Carrying four Leicas against his chest under the heaviest Arctic clothing, he was able to use only one. The other three were frozen; and Halmi's fingers were frothbitten after he finished the sequence which SI will publish next week.

It is a very cold story for July but one that I think you will find as exciting and beautiful as it is cold. However, just in case it is too cold for you, SI this week, as another solution to the heat of summertime, tells the story of the summer camp and its various activities. I think you will find some of these pictures are perhaps the coolest of all.

But as long as it's summertime, there is heat to be enjoyed too. It would be hard to find more of it than in the current baseball race. And so, next week, far from the Arctic, as baseball prepares for its regular All-Star Game pause on July 10, SI will also present the All-Star Preview, the important story of the moment at another and equally exciting end of the wonderful world of sport.



Harry R. Phillips


The choice of Kings




 by appointment to
 THE ROYAL
 DANISH COURT
 THE ROYAL
 SWEDISH COURT
 THE ROYAL
 GREEK COURT

TUBORG

TUBORG BREWERIES, LTD./COPENHAGEN

U.S. Representatives:
 Dockins, Inc., New York 6, N.Y.

they STRETCH to Your Size!



Foot Huggers

by **Wigwam**



Save the summer in foot comfort...in Wigwam "Foot Huggers". They're extra-stretching to fit perfectly...always! Their snug, cushioned comfort lasts through miles of wear and hundreds of washings. At leading sporting goods and department stores.

HAND KNIT HOSIERY CO., Shelton, Wt.
 In Canada: Wigwam of Canada, Ltd., Ontario



Wigwam Socks
 FOR EVERY SPORT

AND NOW: THE BIGGEST BATTLE OF ALL

by ROY TERRELL

In the AAU championships at Bakersfield, nine meet records were set, yet greater events lay ahead in the Olympic Trials

"Well, in our country," said Alice, "you'd generally get to somewhere else—if you run very fast for a long time as we're here doing."

"A slow sort of country," said the Queen. "Now, here, you see, it takes all the running you can do to keep in the same place; if you want to get somewhere else you must run at least twice as fast as that."

—LEWIS CARROLL
THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

AS FAR AS anyone knows, not even the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce really believes or has bothered to claim that Alice found her Wonderland in the middle of the Los Angeles Coliseum. But these astute gentlemen could, for once, be overlooking a good thing. This weekend the vast athletic arena in southern California will take on all the aspects of a Wonderland when more than 250 of the best track and field men that the United States—or any other nation—has ever produced will find their problems strangely similar to that of Alice: to get farther they are going to have to run at least twice as fast.

What they are chasing is a plane to Melbourne, Australia, and although it will not leave until November, to be on board as a member of the U.S. track and field team for the XVI Olympiad they must place among the first three in one of 17 events at the final U.S. Trials at the Coliseum on Friday and Saturday. Or else they will find out that running very fast for a very long time—and some have been chasing that plane for nearly four years—will

indeed have got them nowhere at all.

In the final analysis the Trials are no more than the name implies: a method of finding out who is deserving to represent this nation at Melbourne. But for those who love the sport, this week's program will be far more than that. They believe that the Coliseum will be the scene of the greatest track and field meet the world has ever seen. Not in the matter of drama and glory perhaps, for there the Olympic Games are supreme. But in the matter of colossal races and stupendous times they feel that nothing that has gone before will compare to the 1958 U.S. Olympic Trials. This being Hollywood, not even these particular superlatives sound out of place. Perhaps they wouldn't anywhere else either.

The world, for example, has known eight 15-foot pole vaulters. They are all U.S. citizens and the six still competing will be at Los Angeles—and three of them will not qualify for the trip to Australia. Again, what nation has three 60-foot shotputters? Or, for that matter, what other nation has even one? This season alone seven U.S. high hurdles have done 13.8 or better and three of them have equaled or been under the Olympic record of 13.7. The best time ever recorded in the event by a foreign athlete is 14 seconds flat. And where else can our record-smashing sprinters and 400-meter men and 20-foot broad jumpers find the competition they will get right here in their own backyard?

So, in many events, the biggest test of this Olympic year will come not in Australia but in Los Angeles. The at-

tention of some 10,000 fans at the Coliseum and uncounted millions more watching over a national television hookup will be drawn most irresistibly to a special group of events.

One is the 400 meters. It is here that Lou Jones and Jim Lea and J. W. Mashburn get together again for the first time in over a year to continue a quarter-mile feud that has been going on, in one form or another, for more than four years. And if world 400-meter record holder Jones and world 440-yard record holder Lea and two-time NCAA champion Mashburn should stumble, then there are others ready to take over. Like Charley Jenkins, AAU champion in 1955 and runner-up this year, Or Tom Courtney, the wonderful half-miler who switched from his specialty last week to beat out Jenkins for this year's AAU title and, in the process, ran the fourth fastest 400 meters ever turned in around two curves. Or Johnny Holmes, the tremendously versatile sprinter from Pennsylvania who is having much more trouble trying to make up his mind whether to go after the 100 or the 400—or perhaps both—than he is running once he gets on the track.

Then there is the 800 meters. It is an event on the fringe of the arena where the rest of the world takes over, nesting between the shorter races dominated by the United States and the distance races in which we frankly have little chance. But we have a very good chance at 800 meters because of Courtney—and because of Arnie Sowell. At the Coliseum, for the first time this year, these two friendly enemies



HIGH JUMPER JACK DAVIS BRINGS HARD OVER BARRIER ON WAY TO HISTORY IN 110-METER HEAT AND NEW WORLD'S RECORD IN EVENT

will tangle outdoors, on the one hand the little wrack from Pittsburgh who holds the American 800-meter record, on the other the powerful-striding Army private from Fordham by way of Fort Dix who held the record until Sowell broke it. And again, should these two falter, there are others almost as good: Len Spurrier, holder of the world 880-yard record but never able to beat the other two; amazing old Mel Whitfield, twice an Olympic champion and ready for one magnificent effort to win a third; and Lang Stanley of San Jose State.

And there are, of course, the dashes. The year 1956, in America, has been a year of great sprinters: there is Bobby Morrow of Abilene Christian, at 26 an old pro with his flashing speed and wonderful poise and a young man who in recent weeks has almost ended all speculation about the world's best dashman. Trying to revive that speculation

at 100 meters will be Dave Sime of Duke, who before an injury in the NCAA 200 meters at Berkeley would have been at least a co-favorite with his Texas rival to win both races. There is Ira Murchison, the chunky little Army star who, like Morrow, has tied the world 100-meter record of 16.2 this year. There is also slender little Leamon King of California who, like Sime, has tied the 9.3 record for 100 yards. And to chase Morrow in the 200 are the two veterans who ran one-two in the 1952 Olympics and, while Morrow rested on the sidelines, did almost the same last week at Bakersfield—Andy Stanfield and Thane Baker.

There are those who say Don Bragg, the Villanova muscle man, is ready to step forth as heir apparent to the pole vault crown. But the old king himself, the Rev. Robert Richards, is a long way from announcing his retirement and would like another Olympic cham-

pionship himself. Both Bragg and Richards may have trouble. The field they must face includes four other members of one of sport's most exclusive clubs, the 15-footers: Occidental's Bob Gutowski, Ron Morris of Southern Cal, Jerry Welbourn of the Air Force, and the man who finished second to Richards at Helsinki in 1952, Don Lan.

And far down the list the prospects are bright. Who can say what is to happen when Harold Connolly and Cornell's Al Hall meet again in the hammer, or when Charlie Dumas and Ernie Shelton go after that ever-elusive seven-foot high jump once again, or when colorful old Fortune Gordien seeks to better his own world record in the discus with one hand while holding off the tremendous challenge of O'Brien and young Ron Dransmond with the other; or when broad jumpers like Greg Bell, Ernie Shelby, John Bennett,

continued on next page

BIGGEST BATTLE

continued from page 7

George Brown and Ross Range get together. Somewhere down in the pit at the Coliseum Friday night a 26-footer is going to miss that plane.

Last week's AAU meet at Bakersfield was, so to speak, the final semifinal before this week's ultimate Olympic Trials. And Bakersfield proved important for our hopes. Eighteen months or so ago, when athletes and coaches and officials began to channel all their thoughts and plans toward the 1966 Olympic Games, there were those among the bystanders who wondered if perhaps the United States wasn't just perhaps, going to encounter some real trouble. A year ago, after the 1965 national championships, hardly anyone felt that way any more; the runners and jumpers and hurdlers and weight men all looked too good. But nothing was so convincing as last week's show in the sun-baked San Joaquin Valley. For one thing there was the track, a new crushed-brick and clay running surface which was built for records ("the fastest by 1½ seconds for a quarter-mile lap that I have ever seen," said Jim Lea) and for another there were the athletes. Although a few who had already qualified for the Olympic Trials in the NCAA and service meets decided to take the week off, most of them showed up to join the already imposing list on hand who had been ineligible for the previous weekend's competition but now were prepared for their big chance. En masse, they set out immediately to uphold the chamber of commerce bulletins (about the track) and the glowing words in the sports pages (about themselves).

OVER HIS SHOULDER

In Friday night's first event—the hammer throw—Connolly whirled around the ring like a dervish and sailed the murderous-looking 16-pound ball 205 feet 10½ inches to break his own AAU record. In the night's third event, the 800 meters, Sowell snatched into his usual early lead and then breezed to a 1:49.8 time. This not only broke John Woodruff's 13-year-old meet record but went down in the track bugs' books as the fastest 800 meters ever run in a preliminary heat while looking back over one shoulder.

Then in the first heat of the 160 meters Morrow got off to a good start and at 39 yards decided to turn it on. When he turned it off, he was across the finish line in 10.3, breaking not only the meet record but, for the second time in a

month squaring the world record as well. And there were rumors about that more unofficial clock caught him in 10.1 than in 10.3.

The pile of résumés, however, was provided by Jack Davis, the big San Diego Navy hurdler out of Southern California, who finally caught and passed the world record he had been chasing with almost superhuman concentration for six years. He ran 13.4 seconds for the 110-meter high hurdles, a 10th of a second faster than the time of a former Trojan teammate, Dick Atkley, in 1950.

"I had a good start," he said, "and at about the third hurdle I figured I was in pretty good shape. Then along about the fifth or sixth hurdle I decided this was it, so I poured it on." That was evident even from 50 rows high up in the beautiful new Bakersfield Stadium. Davis suddenly seemed to explode and ran off, from that point, to lead Dillard to the tape by almost seven yards.

It was sweet satisfaction, therefore, for Lee Calhoun to beat Davis for the first time outdoors in the finals an hour and a half later, but because of the record Davis didn't mind so much. He had already qualified for the Trials in the service competition a week before and told everyone before his trip to Bakersfield that his only purpose was to test the track and set a new world record. He almost made it look easy.

The record breaking continued. In the sixth event, king-sized Ken Bantum, certainly one of the most agile giants in captivity, ripped his 6 feet 6 inches across the shotgun ring to unleash a throw of 59 feet 1½ inches, thereby topping not only Olympic Champ Parry O'Brien's meet record by 1½ inches but O'Brien's seasonality by a considerably greater margin. For this was O'Brien's first defeat since Darrow Hopper of Texas A&M pulled the trick back in the 1952 Olympic Trials. Of course O'Brien had an off night, since seldom does he go below 60 feet any more in any meet, but it still wasn't fun. By week's end he was looking forward quite eagerly to another chance in the Coliseum.

The night's sixth meet record came in the 440-meter hurdles when Ohio State's Glenn Davis finished strong to pull away from the Texas freshman, Eddie Southern, over the last two hurdles to win in a time of 10.9 and leave Defending Champion Jack Culbreath back in fourth place. Saturday they started in all over again. Sowell soundly beat those who dared to challenge him, including Whitfield and Spurrier, by

continued on page 39

THE SIME

A MUSCLE pulled two weeks ago could prevent Dave Sime, one of the most sensational dashmen of our era, from ever getting to compete in the Olympics in November.

How can that be?

The first answer is that in the U.S. Olympic qualifying races, as well as at the Olympics, the 240 meters is run on a curve—and all year Dave Sime had been running on the straightaway. He is a big man with a long stride, and a new set of muscles—including the injured adductor (see drawing)—is required to help carry a sprinter at great speed around a curve, muscles which get little work on normal straightaway races. The reason Dave had not been working on running the curve all year? Simple, says Duke's assistant track coach, Red Lewis: "He did work on the curve some during the year, but not under competitive conditions. There was no 220 around a turn scheduled in meets, and we simply couldn't find anyone fast enough to make him really run the curve hard in practice."

These are explanations which will not entirely satisfy track and field fans who naturally expected that everything would be done to train Sime for the Olympic Trials and the Olympics themselves.

It may also be true that all was not well with Sime before the race. Before the meet Coach Lewis told a few intimates, "At Sanger, the night he ran the 30 flat and the 9.5 160, Dave felt a little twinge up there in that muscle. But the doctor told us that it wouldn't hurt him in the 160, on a straightaway, and that there would be no point in sparing him the 200 at Berkeley, for the muscle would only have to meet the same test a week later at Bakersfield, so we let him run and hoped for the best—instead got the worst. Now we're concentrating on getting him ready for Los Angeles."

The dejected young sprinter said: "It was just one of those things, and nobody is to blame. But why did it have to happen now?"

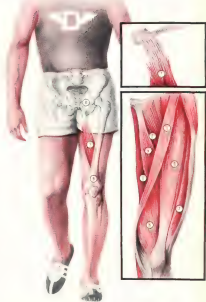
As for the controversy about Sime's automatic elimination through injury, the U.S. has a rule that all members of the Olympic track and field team must win their places in direct competition in the final U.S. Olympic Trials

—the moment of truth for which they qualify in the various preliminary meets—and this means that a stomach-ache at the wrong time can be a major tragedy. But it is a rule which has been in effect so long that it is no longer even questioned by insiders in the sport, who feel it may be hard on some but is eminently fair to most. It has applied to other fine athletes in the past. When Harrison Dillard, the world's greatest hurdler, hit three hurdles and failed to qualify in 1948, he was finished in that event for the year. The fact that Dillard had already qualified in the 100 concerns only the versatile miracle which is Harrison Dillard and has nothing to do with the rule. It remained in effect. As Red Lewis puts it, "It is the rule, and we must abide by it."

Although this is accepted by the men who compete and coach and control the sport, there are those on the outside who still wonder why this nation should be deprived in such a manner of some of its greatest athletes. The objection seems particularly weighty in a year like this, when there is ample time between the qualifying trials and the Olympics for any routine injury to heal. "It would appear," said one thoughtful gentleman last week, "that a committee of sufficient knowledge and integrity—and I know one could be found—could weigh all considerations and then, if a boy were so outstanding that it was in the entire country's interest to see that he competed, place him on the team, win, lose or draw. And I don't see why they don't do it."

At an emergency session a few days ago, the U.S. Olympic Committee decided to go some way to meet these sensible objections. Two unprecedented exceptions to the sacred rule are to be made: Dave Sims will be given another chance this weekend to qualify for the Olympic 200-meter squad. And Javelin Thrower Bud Held, who is recovering from an operation on his left ankle and just failed to qualify for the trials at Bakerfield last week, will also be allowed to compete at Los Angeles. But one aspect of the rule is unchanged: if either Sims or Held is unable to gain his place this weekend, he loses all hope of a November trip to Australia.

DRAWINGS BY PAUL BROWN



1. ADDUCTOR LONGUS
2. ADDUCTOR BREVIS
3. ADDUCTOR MAGNUS
4. SARTORIUS
5. VASTUS MEDIALIS
6. RECTUS FEMORIS
7. VASTUS LATERALIS
8. TIBIA BONE

Dave Sims pulled or frayed a tendon of the adductor longus muscle (1). The "pulled" area was limited to about three inches from the point of attachment high on the left leg. The adductor longus, one of three adductor muscles in the thigh, attaches the thighbone to the pelvis. It adducts and flexes the thigh, rotating it inwardly toward the other thigh. The running action coupled with the effort of turning on the curve of the track put too great a strain on this pivotal muscle, which had not been hardened sufficiently by practice.

**THE WONDERFUL
WORLD OF SPORT**

ROUGHEST RACE TO BERMUDA

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD MEEK

Squalls and heavy seas along the 635-mile course made this year's 50th anniversary ocean race to Bermuda the roughest ever. But expert seamanship also made it the fastest as every speed record was smashed by boats in all classes of competition. (For Ezra Bowen's eyewitness log, see page 49)

MIMA, skippered by the 44-year-old DeCoursey Fales, shortened sail against heavy southwesterly, won Class A honors on corrected time.

BOLEBO, 75-foot black-hulled yawl under Sven Salen of Sweden, was the first across finish line at St. David's Head, set new course record.





Bermuda News, B. 1936



ELDA crew member Sheldon Pittsley is hauled out, along with seven others aboard, after boat hit reef and sank just north of Bermuda.

VENTURES, Harry Haskell's 33-foot 3-mast yawl, largest boat built to Bermuda rule, rides 30-knot blow under reefed mainsail.





THE SACRIFICE BUNT

The full pattern of this classic play, involving all nine defensive men and the opposing baserunners, is captured here as it never can be by the darting eye of the grandstand fan or by the narrow eye of the TV camera. Here, in a Dodger-Cardinal game at Ebbets Field last week, Dodger Reese bunts toward first, advancing Gilliam, who is already halfway to second. First Baseman Musial fields ball, looks to second where Shortstop Bark covers for possible double play or forecourt on Gilliam. Second Baseman Morgan moves toward first to take throw there. Third Baseman Boyer steps his

charge to plate after bunt rolls toward Musial and starts back to cover third. If Dancher Smith, hustling out for bunt, continues on to back up first, Pitcher Kinder will move in to protect plate. All outfielders start in to trap possible overthrows at bases, nearest them—all, that is, except Left Fielder Lockman who appears to be caught flatfooted when he should have been moving over to back up third just in case Reese was out at first. Musial to Morgan. Gilliam, safe at second, later scored on a wild throw. If he had not been sacrificed to second, he would not have been in scoring position.

PHOTOGRAPH BY THE PHOENIX





"I think a great deal of your feeling of fearfulness might disappear if you would relent and become a Milwaukee fan again."

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

LAUGHTER IN LONDON AND MOSCOW • OXYGENATION (ETC.) IN
THE MILWAUKEE DUGOUT • FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT ON "DREAM"
TRACKS • ADLAI STEVENSON'S POLITATHLON • BEAR BRYANT

PITYING HEADSHAKES

THE AMERICAN Way of selecting their Olympic team is making a laughing stock of itself again," snorted the London Daily Mirror.

That was the British response to the news that the U.S.—thanks to a passing injury—might be without the services of Dave Sims in the 200-meter at Melbourne (see page 8). The British pick their Olympic athletes through a selection board system. The board is not bound by an athlete's performance on any given day; the board is simply asked, in the light of all the evidence, to pick those likely to turn in the finest performances in Melbourne next November.

"U.S. trials are sudden death," said Arthur Hodson, national secretary of the Australian Amateur Athletic Union, when the Sims news reached him. "Here a top-notch man may be eliminated in trials and still be selected if his form improves, or if he had an off day."

Rough translation of a Russian sports ministry spokesman on the subject of Sims's disqualification: "It can't happen here."

In a rush of good sense, the U.S. Olympic Track & Field Committee has now decided it doesn't matter that Dave Sims could not compete in the AAU preliminary trials. He will get a starting position in this week's final Olympic Trials at Los Angeles after all. His leg just better be ready, though.

OXYGEN AND THE BRAVES

BY THE HOT, MUDDY afternoon of June 17, when the Milwaukee Braves showed up for their Sunday double-header in Brooklyn, they pre-

sented all the classic signs of a team deep in the baseball sluggers. They had lost 12 of the last 17 games, had slumped from first place to fifth and—most classic of all symptoms—had just dropped Manager Charlie Grimm. A week later, in the most astonishing turnaround of 1966, they had won 10 straight and were back in first place. Manager Fred Haney denies special credit. He is convincing when he says the Braves are now "riding the crest of the law of averages. The team was due, and we've been getting the breaks."

On top of that, Haney's Braves have been sniffing pure oxygen out of tanks in their dugout.

The oxygen is the idea of the team's trainer, Dr. Charles Lacks, who has convinced a goodly number of players that it counteracts hot-weather fatigue. He has a lightweight portable

setup that includes two tanks, mask and tube and fits into a leather traveling case. Lacks has been carrying the gear with him all season but used it for the first time on the day of the double-header with Brooklyn.

In the first game Pitcher Bob Huhl weakened badly in the late innings. Other Braves felt groggy from the effects of Brooklyn heat and humidity. Lacks set up the tanks in the dugout runway and invited trials. Huhl sampled it, thought it helped, and others followed. Since then Pitcher Gene Conley, Outfielder Bobby Thomas, Third Baseman Eddie Mathews and others have all become enthusiastic oxygen sniffers.

"On a hot day," says Lacks, "a pitcher just plain runs out of gas, so to speak. Well, here's something that will

continued on next page

CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

• Jolly Roger at Half Mast

Pittsburgh Pirate Manager Bobby Bogan, philosophizing on his team's eight-game losing streak, during which they dropped from first to fifth place in the National League: "We had it coming to us—we got it and are getting it. Every club in the league has a slump and this is our turn."

• Banister Forecast

Dr. Roger Banister, pioneer four-minute miler, speculated on track futures in Montreal, predicted that the mile time will be lowered to 3:56, then "level off"; that England's Chris Chatterway and Australia's John Landy will win Olympic 3,000- and 1,500-meter gold medals.

• Hoser Beased

California's wonder horse, Swaps, conqueror of Nashua in the 1965 Kentucky Derby, hauled 138 pounds effortlessly over a mile and sixteenth at Hollywood Park in 1:38 for new world record—his third this year—solidified his claim to Horse-of-the-Year honors.

• Wait SE Next Year

Burray Broad, "the best golfer never to have won the U.S. Open," nestled over good-natured kidding during an exhibition round at Pebble Beach, R.I., promised: "I'll tell you this: starting right now I'm going to work toward next year's Open."

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

continued from page 15

get him going again. The cause of fatigue is an oxygen deficit. A couple of whiffs of the gas combining with the hemoglobin passing through the lungs help oxygenate the blood. Oxygen balance is restored and fatigue disappears.

"In addition," says Lacke with a smile, "I think it has some psychological value."

Lacke believes the time will come when all major league teams will keep



oxygen in the dugout. For the information of the Pittsburgh Pirates and other teams who may need a little oxygenating right away, a portable kit, similar to the one carried by the Braves, can be had at any medical supply house for about \$125. Refill tanks cost about \$3 and last a full hour with the valve wide open.

THE WRIGHT WAY

Belmont is considered one of the pleasantest of U.S. horse tracks but white-haired old Frank Lloyd Wright, the eminent modern architect, fished visibly when he went to the races there one fine day last summer. In fact, as he looked out over the crowded open, he was seized with an indignation quite similar to that which sent Physician Philippe Pinel marching into the cellars of Paris in 1793 to strike the chains off the imprisoned lunatics. Wright grandly resolved to unchain the \$3 bettor from what struck him as horrifying thralldom to convention and also, in passing, to give racing a "dignity and beauty," a birth he feels it has been denied.

"I was really shocked," he said, pacing his crumpled suite at New York's Plaza Hotel last week. Wright, now 87, is a man of authoritative, even premier-like bearing. His shock of snowy hair was carefully combed; he wore a stiff collar with an old-fashioned black cravat and beautifully cut gray summer suit. "I couldn't imagine Belmont could have been that bad," he said.

"Oh," he added with a lenient wave, "they're done the best they could—but my God! That grandstand. Even the newest racing grandstands were all designed in England hundreds of years ago and haven't changed a bit since."

"Facts," he said. "The vice is ob-

scured. The seats! And if you want to bet, you have to walk all over the place and queue up. And if you're lucky you might even get back in time to see the race you've bet on. The grandstand is set back to make room for that mob of shirt-sleeved people all down there stepping on each other's toes. You can't see the race properly from the grandstand and you can't see it properly from down below. They told me that all these fellows prefer to mill around. I can't say that I blame them if the alternative is sitting in the grandstand. Nothing has been done for the spectator's comfort."

With this he indicated a set of sketches of what he has entitled The New Sports Pavilion. "Here," he said, "is the thing that is needed at Belmont—at any race track. It is a thin plastic canopy suspended on a bridge—that is, by cables, by steel under tension, & a Roebing's Brooklyn Bridge—the whole sag independently of the great concrete slab which forms the seats. You have unobscured vision, and since there is room for 45,000 people, the seats will be immediately over the track and nobody will have to stand out in front."

"The plastic roof—or tent—will admit light but keep out heat. It will be two sealed layers of plastic, the top blue, the bottom yellow. The cables will be anchored in concrete pylons at each end of the seating area, and they will be decorative in themselves. We'll glid them—not necessarily with gold leaf. Gold leaf? Why not? The seats will be in those rising phalanxes—separated by wide concourses—and each level will be reached by escalators. No climbing. These will be hot- and cold-water pipes under the seats themselves. On hot days the spectator—who will sit on an air cushion—can be cooled, and on cold days he can be warmed. Turnout run back into the concrete slab. To bet, you can simply walk back a few steps to one of 880 betting clerks. There will be snack bars and a restaurant inside the slab as well. It can be built for \$11,500,000—it would cost \$15 million to seat 35,000 people in a conventional grandstand—and it will last for 300 years."

Wright then indicated, negligently, that he does not believe Belmont will adopt his scheme. "They have an expert," he explained. "An expert is a man who has stopped thinking. Why should he think? He's an expert. They have turned me down. I am here to make a rebuttal—but..." He smiled, gently. "Nevertheless," he said patting the plans, "this is the racing pa-

villion of the future. It is modern. No, no—how I hate that word modern. It is organic."

A PLEASURE OF THE MIND

WATCHING A RACE offers one kind of excitement, and running a race another, and in this fairly obvious fact lies much of the magic of sport. You may bake a cherry pie, or paint a house, or skin a cat, or write a Spenserian sonnet; and you may have a wonderful time, but nobody will get much pleasure from watching you do it. But in sport both the man in the gallery and the man in the field find excitement and satisfaction. This ought to be enough, yet still another kind of pleasure is involved. It is known to a growing number of people and is largely a pleasure of the mind.

It is based on expertise. It comes from knowing your chosen sport and those who practice it, using keen judgment to predict the most plausible outcome of a contest, and finding your judgment confirmed.

The methods used in this sort of operation are as subtle and elaborate as those of a scholar sifting historical evidence. Imperderables must somehow be probed. Form must be analyzed and style understood. The theorist makes his choice—and when events prove that he chose well, his reward is intangible and yet solid as a rock.

The man (51's Boating writer) who looked long and thoughtfully at the dumping-shaped Finisterre and said, "This is the boat to watch," knows this pleasure. So does the man (51's Horse writer) who said of Needles, "The Derby and the Belmont, yes; the Preakness, no." And so perhaps, in time, will the man (51's Boxing writer) who studied young Floyd Patterson and said, "Here comes a champion."

It's a fascinating thing, this business of knowingness. It adds the zest of living dangerously to the enjoyment of sport, for to be wrong is to court displeasure of the mind. Yet, ah, how musical is the phrase, "I told you so."

THE FIRST POLYATHLON

SHOOTPUTTING, hammer throwing & broad jumping all developed from extremely informal beginnings in the pastures of antiquity, and it seems only prudent to note that a new field event—possibly best described as the polyathlon—has now been added to outdoor endeavor in the U.S. Its author, one Adlai Stevenson, was only

continued on page 16



"Come on, let's keep playing. I didn't hear any bells."

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

continued from page 10

Improving as he performed (and improved) it the other day at the Northwestern Park Forest Preserve in Des Plaines, Ill., but time has a way of giving the odd kind of political posturing an aura of solemnity. If the candidate of today has to prove himself by getting an array of supporters to hop up and down with signs at the national convention, it does not seem unreasonable to suppose that the candidate of the future might also have to prove himself by personally hopping about in public.

If so, he deserves a faithful description of the original performance. The equipment needed is simple enough: one large picnic ground with groves of trees, one golf club, one golf ball, one Dachshund, two haggis, one set of horseshoes, one miniature railway train and two tandem bicycles. In the future, dress may be left to the candidate's discretion, but for the first politathon—or what history may describe as the Des Plaines Politathon—Stevenson wore a gray cord jacket, cocoa brown pants, brown wing-tipped shoes, a blue button-down shirt and blue and white linen tie.

It was a hot afternoon and the humidity was ghastly, but Stevenson was beaming as he arrived on the grounds and began shaking hands with some of a throng who had been rounded up for the occasion by Illinois Democrats. It was at this point that the Dachshund entered the proceedings. An admirer thrust it forward. Stevenson immediately shook hands with it and said: "You ought to be sure he's registered." The candidate moved, forthwith, to the putting green (improvised over a miserably uneven stretch of grass) followed by photographers and mobs of the faithful.

Stevenson put the ball down 12 feet (henceforth to be known as The Candidate's Distance) from the pin. The photographers insisted that the flag—which read WHITE HOUSE—be left in the cup. "How," he asked, "can I sink it with the flag in?" Nobody answered him. As it turned out this didn't matter—he patted seven trees and never got closer than a two-inch miss. However, when a friend asked: "Want to shed your coat?" Stevenson said, "No, I'd rather not." [In politathons of the future, points will be deducted for removal of clothing during the patting phase.] Said Chicago Politon Jake Arvey: "Flashshot game is bad. What he needs is the

White House to get time to play."

After golfing, Stevenson posed between two haggis, moved to a picnic table and ate a popsicle. "You're tasting victory," cried a spectator. "Raspberry Sucedor victory," said Adlai. He seated himself in the engine of the miniature train and then—and only then—removed his tie, thus becoming, at least in theory, more politically acceptable. Intent on a fast finish, he soon hauled to the horseshoe pits, took off his coat and rolled up his sleeves. He threw four horseshoes, missed each time and muttered, "Oh, hell!" after the fourth. He threw a fifth and scored. A cheer rose from the crowd. Adlai beamed. Two tandem bicycles were immediately wheeled forward. Stevenson climbed on the front seat of one with Dr. Karl Meyer, head of Cook County Hospital, behind him. Chicago's beefy Mayor Richard J. Daley and Jim O'Keefe, candidate for attorney general, mounted the other.

The mayor's cycle lurched erratically forward. Stevenson's cycle lurched after it. Both teams pedaled wildly; the crowd, astounded by their ill-controlled fervor, scattered for their lives and the racers, after 70 yards, disappeared whooping into a grove of trees. Panting but unbruised, Adlai shook hands for another 30 minutes and then mounted a handstand, waved to the crowd and listened thoughtfully while Mrs. Juanda Higgins, a receptionist at his law firm, made the following statement: "I am chairman of our nature girls. My associates and I believe... a great segment of voters can be reached outdoors through garden parties, bird watching and tramps through the woods. We have recently organized the Cook County Stevenson

Star Gazers. We believe it's Stevenson by the stars."

The politathon was over. Would it ever be repeated? One peripheral aspect of it would lead one to believe so: 3,000 people paid \$5 apiece—or a total of \$15,000—to watch it.

FOOTBALL AS EDUCATION

BEAR BRYANT of Texas A&M is a football coach and only incidentally a philosopher of education. But addressing a group of Houston businessmen last week on the set topic "Football and Athletics in the Development of Businessmen," Bear found something fresh to say.

"I believe the same qualities needed for success in business are needed to make a success of being a football player," he began. "I believe the lessons needed in business are taught in football. . . .

"But these lessons are not taught at home in more than 5% of the homes. They are just hard to teach your child.

"They're easier to teach on the athletic field, because on the athletic field everybody starts even. It doesn't make any difference who you are or whether your hair is curly or straight. You have to produce, and those who do move up. For that reason and some others I'll give you, football and athletics are becoming more important to education every year.

"Take discipline. I don't know how to teach my own boy to respect discipline and the importance of self-discipline—do you? But I know he'd better have it. He'd better know how to make a sacrifice. I'm afraid I can't impress that on him enough—can you? But I know that if he has to learn later, he's in trouble.

"On the football field you can teach a boy how to work, the importance of work. I haven't taught my own—have you?

"You know there's no substitute for teamwork in business. I know the value of it in football as well. In business or football we do nothing that doesn't involve teamwork. When I hear people talk of self-made men, it makes me ill. All of us had to be taught lessons, had to have some inspiration. There are no self-made men.

"Can you teach your boy how to fight?" Bryant challenged. "Oh, all of us have a certain amount of physical courage, but I mean to come back, to get off the floor, to fight the second and third and fourth time. In athletics you learn the value of effort. . . . You learn to keep coming back."



OLD PALS

One thing exhausts
His title hope—
He is a fighter
Who knows the ropes.

—BARNEY HUTCHINSON

THE NEW GIBSON GIRL



Winner of 11 tournaments in a row this year, Arlene Gibson is the most interesting contender at that pinnacle of world tennis, Wimbledon. For her story and a look at Wimbledon players, see following pages

A UNIQUELY DIFFICULT ROAD TO FAME

OVER IN LONDON they were quoting Althea Gibson at 2 to 1 to win at Wimbledon this week. It seems hard to believe, even after her stunning record this past winter and spring on the International tennis circuit: 16 victories in 18 tournaments, 11 straight, including decisive defeats of the world's two top-ranked women players, Louise Brough and Shirley Fry. But win or lose, there is no question about Althea's being the most interesting player at Wimbledon this year, because she has traveled a uniquely difficult road.

Few people know how really difficult a road it was. Althea Gibson is not a girl who confides easily. Her crises over the years have been many, and they have largely been crises of self-confidence. As recently as last summer, for example, she would have batted any thought of being the favorite at Wimbledon right off the court. Last summer, in fact, Althea was ready to quit tennis for good.

"During the Eastern grass court

tournament," says her old friend and teacher Sarah Palfrey Dainig, "I sat with her under the trees at the South Orange Lawn Tennis Club and drank a chocolate milk, and we had a serious discussion. She explained that she was already in her late 20s and had her future to consider. She didn't think she had many more years of tennis ahead, and felt she should be planning now for a secure means of livelihood.

"For five years she hadn't lived up to expectations or improved the way people thought she could. She had twice been ranked among the first 10 women players of the country but never near the top. She felt she was at the crossroads. Should she continue her tennis or turn to something else?"

That question has been on Althea Gibson's mind through all the years, and small wonder. For if ever anyone started at the bottom and with the score at 0-40, it was this lanky, dark, courageous girl from Harlem who carried, along with her own ambitions, the burden of her race upon her shoulders.

She didn't even want to play tennis, really. She was a basketball fan, and good at the game. But her natural aptitude for tennis was such that she practically had to play. And once she started, it was soon clear that she would have to go beyond the restrictive limits of the Negro American Tennis Association and burst into the big time.

How that was accomplished is a story that has never before been told in full detail.

The color line was already breaking down in tennis by 1950, but its abolition never could become official until a Negro played in the top tennis event of the year—the National grass court championships at Forest Hills. Dr. Reginald Weir, a veteran player, had already been accepted into the National Indoor Championships. Althea had reached this stage, too, playing her first indoor championship in the winter of 1950, when she lost to Nancy Chaffee in the finals.

It was during the indoor Nationals that negotiations began between representatives of the American Tennis Association (Dr. Sylvester B. Smith; Bertrand L. Baker, executive secretary

of the ATA; and Arthur E. Francis, assistant executive secretary) and representatives of the USLTA (Dr. Elsworth Davenport and Abrik Man Jr., the chairman of the tournament committee). Negotiations were conducted so quietly that neither press nor public learned about them until mid-summer, when the news that a member of the Negro race would compete in the Nationals for the first time made headlines around the world.

"We wanted to be sure that we could offer a player who would be worthy of competing in the national championships," said the ATA's Mr. Francis, recalling those negotiations. "We preferred to wait a year or two more, if we had to, before asking for an entry to be sent to a Negro player."

"THEY DEPEND ON US"

"Even today, we will not recommend anyone for the Nationals who has not qualified as a good enough player. The USLTA does not know the quality of our players. They depend on us. We appreciate that faith, and are very selective. And since Althea's lone appearance in 1950 we have developed so many good Negro players that five men and three women were in the 1955 Nationals. We expect even more to play at Forest Hills this year."

Top members of the USLTA were interested from the very beginning of negotiations. When it had been decided that Althea Gibson should play the role of Jackie Robinson in the tennis world, the USLTA was the one to suggest which lesser tournaments the Negro player should attempt to enter.

"Dr. Davenport and Mr. Man both stressed the point that sooner or later it would be done," said Mr. Francis. "But they said it was no easy matter, since a majority of the national tournament committee would have to give their approval. They said we should realize that since there is a national body there would be opposition from certain areas. They added that there was no law which barred a Negro player, and they promised they would do all in their power to help us achieve her entry."

At the second meeting several weeks later, the USLTA officials indicated that they had discussed the plan with other officials but that they still could not commit themselves. Only the final committee could make the decision.

"They suggested then that we let Althea Gibson in other eastern tournaments," said Mr. Francis. "That would permit her to show what she

continued on page 50



ALTHEA PLAYING IS GRIM AND DETERMINED



WIFE JENNIFER MAY HAVE BEEN MAJOR FACTOR IN LEW HOAD'S SUCCESSFUL TOUR THIS SEASON

"fed up" with tennis, some observers thought he actually was fed up with Harry Hopman, Australia's stern Davis Cup captain. Others blamed Cupid, saying Lew was emotionally involved with his best girl, Tennis Player Jennifer Staley.

Since then Hoad has pulled loose from Hopman's apron strings and, in effect, grabbed on to those of Jennifer. He married Jennifer in a surprise wedding just before last year's Wimbledon and this year decided to tour the world independently with his new wife, not as a member of the official Australian team.

This new-found independence may have been responsible for certain concrete gains in young Hoad's sporadic career. Until this year he had never won a major championship. Now he has won two—the Australian and the French—and he is aiming for two more, Wimbledon and the U.S. If he completes his slam, he is almost certain to join Jack Kramer's pro tour with a sizable dollar contract.

While American chances of beating out Australia's Davis Cup stars, Hoad and Rosewall, don't appear as bright as in previous years, they cannot be discounted. U.S. players have a faculty for hitting their peaks at Wimbledon, and we have scored several surprise triumphs. Our best bets are Selma, Richardson and Budge Patty because they are hardened to international play. But Herbert Flam, who has sprung major upsets before, Gil Shon, Sammy

IS THIS AUSTRALIA'S YEAR AT WIMBLEDON?

ONE OF THE incongruities of world tennis is that while the dashing Aussie—under the relentless direction and inspiration of Harry Hopman—has dominated Davis-Cup competition in recent years, they have failed to establish a beachhead in the big prestige tournaments like Wimbledon, the most coveted of all.

Since 1959 Australia has won the Davis Cup five times out of six, but has managed to capture the All-England title at Wimbledon only once (Frank Sedgman, 1952). She has won the French once (Ken Rosewall, 1963) and the U.S. championship twice (Sedgman, 1951, 1952). These are indeed lean pickings for what today is supposed to be the world's No. 1 tennis nation. Yet look who was the prohibitive favorite among the tennis fraternity for the men's championship when play opened at Wimbledon this week: Lewis Hoad, the blond bombardier from Australia. When SI queried five tennis professionals (Tony Trabert, Pancho Gonzalez, Frank Sedgman, Jack Kramer and Don Budge), all predicted that Hoad would win, and all but Trabert, who favored Richardson, had Rosewall as their second choice. (For another view, see box in third column).

Judged strictly on physical ability, the 21-year-old Sydney boy with the grizzled expression and unpredictable

temperament was a lead-pipe cinch. Since Tony Trabert turned professional, there's not an amateur in the world who can stand up to the flaxen-haired court killer when he is on his game. His crackling service can jar the arm of a receiver. With bull-like shoulders and iron wrists he strikes the ball with overwhelming power off both forehand and backhand. He is deadly at the net. He covers the court like a cat, and his stroke production is so smooth and effortless it gives the impression of flowing water. He is one of the game's all-time "naturals"—indebatably.

Yet the tennis champion is made up of mind as well as matter, and it's in this area that doubts surge around the slashing Mr. Hoad. He should be able to beat any amateur in the world, but he doesn't. Why?

Nobody knows what goes on behind Lew's stoic face. What problems are there? What are the mental machinations which one moment make him seemingly unquerable and the next listless and unimaginative, given to careless errors?

Some say Hoad is simply a victim of varying moods. That is plausible. Others contend that his troubles in the past have stemmed from his resentment of Davis Cup discipline. When he blew up just before the Davis Cup Challenge Round two years ago and said he was

THE ODDS

As Wimbledon opened this week, Billy Hill—biggest of London's legal bookmakers—quoted these odds on the men's and women's singles:

Rosewall	3-2	Gibson	3-1
Hoad	3-4	Brough	5-2
Davidson	4-1	Flamin	5-2
Patty	10-1	Martinez	10-1
Devney	10-1	Fry	10-1

Giammalva and Art Larsen cannot be overlooked. Nor should we forget Don McKay, Ron Holmberg and Alton Morris, who are probably a couple of years away.

America will be watching Wimbledon more avidly than usual because of the appearance of many of our up-and-coming young stars, from whom, it is hoped, will emerge players capable of returning the Davis Cup to U.S. shores. It is a little too much to expect that one of them can go all the way this year, but they may produce some surprises.

—WILLIAM F. TALBERT

CONFERENCE AT ANNAPOLIS: FIRST BLOW FOR FITNESS

by DOROTHY STULL

From a welter of opinion, a fact emerges: government action on the problem of unfitness in American youth

OUT of Annapolis last week came news that should make the children of America—and their parents—perk up their TV-jaded ears—and possibly even move a sedentary muscle or two. In a meeting of the President's Conference on the Fitness of American Youth, 140 conferees concluded that the declining state of American children's muscles is a present danger and that quick—and presumably enjoyable—action is imperative to prevent the next generation from being unable to move at all.

Although the conference chaired by Vice-President Nixon had political overtones, it resulted in independent and concrete action.

In addition to specific recommendations to combat youth's unfitness, the conference called for the organization of a fitness group within the government, plus a citizens' group to work with the federal one. President Eisenhower, from his hospital bed, promptly responded by promising to create 1) a Council on Youth Fitness at the Cabinet level to give top priority "to this most important field and to better co-ordinate the activities of some 15 federal agencies," and 2) a Citizens Advisory Committee on the Fitness of American Youth composed of key citizens in fields appropriate to fitness, "to examine and explore the facts and thereafter to alert America on what can and should be done."

The conference recommendations, as summarized by Dr. Samuel M. Brownell, U.S. Commissioner of Education; Mrs. Rollin Brown, president of the national PTA; Dr. W. W. Bauer of the American Medical Association; and Kenneth L. (Tag) Wilson, president of the U.S. Olympic Committee, were:

- Total fitness means mental, spiritual and physical fitness.
- The public must be made aware of

the problem of establishing and maintaining fitness.

- Fitness must be popularized and promoted among children.
- Research on fitness is needed to decide what kind, how much, etc.
- Out-of-school programs should include agencies already in the field (Boy Scouts, YMCA, etc.).
- Funds should come from private industry, foundations, community chests and a greater share of the tax dollar allocated to community recreation.
- Schools should have more time, equipment and personnel for physical education and focus more attention on the athletically untalented child, rather than on the star.
- The standards and prestige of the physical education profession must be raised.
- Community recreational facilities should be increased and better use made of existing facilities.

- All children must have periodic medical examinations.
- Better leadership is needed for physical activity at home (parents), in the school (physical educators) and in the community (recreational directors). Each adult must become a better example of physical fitness.
- Girls should have equal opportunity with boys for physical fitness.

Since Cabinet members whose departments have anything to do with fitness will serve on the council created by the President, this means that at least the following will be included: Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare Folsom; Secretary of the Interior Seaton; and Secretary of Agriculture Benson.

Some of the experts at the conference, leaders in the field of health, education or mass communication like Ray Duncan of the American Association for Health, Physical Education



SPORTS CELEBRITIES Raynor Hornbe, left, and George Milon, right, get together with the Vice-President at Annapolis during the President's Conference on Fitness.

and Recreation; Dr. Leonard Schole, U.S. Surgeon General; David Sartoff of RCA; Roy Larsen of Time, Inc.; Joseph Presdergiat of the National Recreation Association, will doubtless be included in the citizen's committee. Physical education researchers like Peter Karpovich, Thomas Cureton and Frederick Hans Rogers, all exponents of some very controversial theories, will probably also be among its members although they did not attend the Annapolis talks.

Formal summaries and speeches were delivered in the lavish auditorium in the Naval Academy's Mahan Hall, where Nixon, in the opening session, was called upon to give a demonstration of physical fitness. No provision had been made to move the podium out of the way so a movie could be shown. Nixon started pushing it by himself and before help came he almost landed it in the laps of the conferees. In between bouts with the podium he dropped some startling statistics: "Less than 50% of our boys and girls in high schools get physical education. . . . Ninety-one percent of our 150,000 elementary schools have no gymnasium." Putting in a plea for the unathletic child, Nixon said: "I remember spending four years on the beach at Whittier College, so I understand why the nonathlete needs attention."

National Recreation Association Director Presdergiat tripped going up to the stage and cracked: "My fitness is not very good. I can't even make the steps." Presdergiat stressed that "The fitness of American youth will be determined not in government offices, or by books, or in state capitols, but by person-to-person contact in the communities where the children live." Our concern should be, he said, for "the normal, average kid . . . who is neither good enough to be a championship team player nor bad enough to be a juvenile delinquent."

But the heart and spirit of the conference was found in the animated knots of people passionately debating in the nine discussion groups, along the tree-lined paths on the beautiful academy grounds, and on a boat trip on the Severn River. Here people like Dr. Hans Kraus, Baseball Commissioner Ford Frick, Olympic diving champion Dr. Sammy Lee, ex-Olympic sculls champion John B. Kelly Sr. and Fitness Expert Bonnie Prudden hashed over ways to put physical activity back into the lives of children.

"This restriction of physical activity is a sociological problem," said Frick. "I was determined that whatever my



KEY FIGURES in the fight to restore physical activity to American children's lives are Conferees John B. Kelly (left), Dr. Hans Kraus and Dr. Joseph B. Wolfe (right).

kids did, they weren't going to have to weed onions or work on a farm like I did. It's pride."

"It's the parents' fault, they're adult delinquents," claimed John Kelly, father of Princess Grace. "Parents are to blame for not taking an interest in the sports performances of their kids. Every show Grace was in, I was there."

"Kids are lazy," Sammy Lee maintained, "and in California the schools are so congested, the kids can attend only half a day. They don't get on playgrounds much."

"Yes, they're lazy," agreed Frick. "Today a youngster will back out the car to go a few blocks to the store for five pounds of potatoes, then have them delivered or get an attendant to lift the bag into the car. The evil has been done. Even I can't do two of the Kraus-Weber tests, although at 60 I can still run a quarter mile in 1:02," he said, needling pretty Bonnie Prudden who, with Dr. Kraus, tested American and European children using the

Kraus-Weber test (*The Report that Shocked the President*, 51, Aug. 15).

"As I see it," Miss Prudden said, grinning at him, "we frustrate activity in five different stages of life. The infant is just spontaneous combustion; we foil that by keeping him in playpens and strollers. The young child is full of imitating. We fix that by having no physical fitness worth imitating. The teens are interested in the opposite sex, but we don't take advantage of that, we separate the sexes in physical education classes. The young adult wants to look well. We negate that by designing clothes to hide the figure. Our last chance, with older adults who fear death, is raised because many of our doctors say don't exercise after 40."

Said Dr. Kraus succinctly: "We live in a society without enough physical activity. Let's get it."

"But how?" protested Frick. "It's utterly ridiculous for me to say what should be done about fitness. Good heavens, I don't know!"

Strangely enough, it was this frank admission that all they knew was that U.S. kids needed more exercise to keep fit, coupled with a strong determination to find out how to make them so, which made this conference productive. Former conferences, more heavily laden with fitness experts, often bogged down because the authorities in the field were loth to admit that they had no standard of fitness on which they can agree. All the experts can say is that to be fit means to be able to carry on your daily life comfortably and have energy and strength left over for emergencies. This tells us little, because whose daily life are they talking about, and what is the minimum fitness everyone should have?

continued on next page

WHAT YOU CAN DO ABOUT FITNESS

1. Join in family sports and generally encourage fitness in your children.
2. Go before your school board and discuss plans for more time, facilities and personnel for physical education.
3. Be an active part of local boys' clubs, YMCA's, Boy Scouts, etc.
4. Form a local citizens' committee to work with local recreation agencies for better fitness in the community.
5. Initiate and support local and state legislation to create better recreation facilities.
6. Support H.R. 11821 to establish a council on national fitness.

PHYSICAL FITNESS

continued from page 41

One-to-longer-averted doctor complained that unless he maintained an apparent state of overweight and relative inactivity, he didn't feel well enough to do his work. So fitness for him apparently is not fitness for other people, or fitness by the generally accepted standard of proper weight and a trim figure. Even for a soldier, fitness is an immeasurable thing, despite Selective Service Director Major General Lewis B. Hershey's definition that it is "the ability to do your job without tension." It is said that during World War II sailors who were fit for their shipboard jobs and knew how to swim, still weren't fit enough to keep from drowning, because they didn't have sufficient strength to push off and keep free of sinking craft.

How much muscular strength we need and other puzzles were nuzzled over by the conferees. They asked themselves: should every American be able to run a quarter mile at a certain speed (allowing for differences in age and sex), even though the chances of his ever having to run this distance, or run at all, are one in several thousands? What does constitute a test of a person's physical fitness? For every test now in use, there is at least one expert who disapproves of using it. To discover a scientific standard for fitness is one of the headaches the new fitness council and citizens' committee will face.

Another is determining the relationship of physical activity to health. Some authorities believe that lack of exercise can be partially responsible for everything from shortness of breath to degenerative diseases like arteriosclerosis and coronary thrombosis. But the evidence is not really conclusive.

Certainly there is agreement that fitness retrogresses without physical activity. During the conference Creighton Hale, research director of Little League Baseball, reported on a study that adds to the data supporting this fact. Dr. Hale found that approximately half of the boys who scored low in the Kraus-Weber physical fitness test at the end of the school year were greatly improved by the end of the summer. But at the completion of the following school year, there was a marked drop in fitness. Six times as many boys showed lower scores in June 1956 than they had in September 1955.

A research project which may define some of these areas has been proposed by Dr. Raymond A. Weiss of New York University, who was not present at the conference. Dr. Weiss plans to subject a group of sedentary adults to a progressively stepped-up physical activity program lasting two years. Comparisons of differences between this group and a second control group that leads a normally sedentary life during the same period, should yield the first concrete evidence on the relationship of certain kinds and degrees of exercise to general fitness for living.

Other suggestions for pertinent research are contained in House Bill No. 11531 to establish a council of national fitness composed of 24 members "from the fields of medicine, physical education and related sciences." Introduced a month ago in the House of Representatives by Congressman James C. Murray (Dem., Ill.) and now in committee, the bill calls for study of 1) "the immediate and long-range effects of various forms of physical exertion on individuals at various ages," 2) "the medical, physical, physiological and emotional . . . social and educational aspects of all sports at various age levels," 3) "the required time that should be allotted from an elementary or high school student's school day to a supervised physical education program."

Only after definitive answers to these questions are found can a sound national fitness program be set up. But Annapolis may prove to have been Round One in the fitness fight. As Nixon said: "This can be the beginning of the solution or the shelving of the project." Dr. Kraus, an enthusiastic and accomplished rock climber, put his conclusion in terms of the sport he loves: "It's like climbing a six (the most difficult degree of ascent). You can't plot the climb from the ground, you have to get up to the first ledge before you can even see beyond it. In this conference I think we've reached the first ledge in the climb for national fitness." (C.B.O.)



"Is Cop Givin' It?"



Soup on the Rocks!



Mini! Mini! Good!

Wait, don't go away! This you're going to like. Take a roasty glass—short or tall. Fill it up with ice cubes. Pour Campbell's Beef Broth on the ice cubes, just as it comes from the can. That's Soup on the Rocks—and you'll enjoy it!

Take it straight—or experiment a bit. Add a dash of Worcestershire, a bit of lemon (peel or juice). Not that you have to—Campbell's Beef Broth on the rocks doesn't need any doctoring.

Habit-forming? Sure it is. Such a

pleasant habit—such a healthy habit. Cool, cool Soup on the Rocks. Refreshing! Satisfying! You'll like it before meals, between meals—when you get home from work.

Have Soup on the Rocks whenever you need a quick low-calorie pickup. And serve it to the children any time—it's pleasantly inexpensive. But don't let us keep you—is there a can of Campbell's Beef

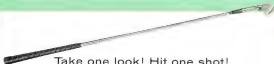
Broth in the house? Break out the ice cubes—have Soup on the Rocks—right now!

**SOUPS SUPPLY BASIC
NUTRITIONAL NEEDS**

VTAMINS, MINERALS and LIQUIDS
—for general well-being

PROTEINS—for upkeep and growth
CARBOHYDRATES—for energy

Once a day...every day...SOUP!



Take one look! Hit one shot!

Here's new plus power you can trust in with gas-bored accuracy. Here's new Fluid Feel unlike anything you've ever known. Here's an iron lighter in overall weight, yet with more "head feel"...

ANNOUNCING **Wilson** Dyna-Powered Irons



There's never been an iron like this! By drilling through the neck and inserting the shaft clean through to the sole, we have by far the strongest union of head and shaft ever devised. And in removing unnecessary weight from the neck and redistributing it throughout the blade, we've produced a more delicate balance.

The results to you? Virtually no vibration up the shaft.

No head shimmy. No quitting at the moment of contact. An iron you can swing faster without swinging harder. An iron you can time better. Greater clubhead speed, greater distance, greater accuracy, and a magnificent new Fluid Feel.

But don't take our word. Discover the Dyna-Powered difference first-hand—next time you're in a pro shop.

Julius Boree
of our Advisory Staff,
leading money winner
of 1955, with his new
Wilson Dyna-Powered iron.



Wilson

The Wilson name is part of the game

Wilson Sporting Goods Co., Chicago • Fastest nationwide service
from 22 branch offices • (A subsidiary of Wilson & Co., Inc.)

SCOREBOARD

... THESE FACES IN THE CROWD ...



Gordon Pirie, a 25-year-old British paint salesman in Norway on holiday, found time to outrun Russia's Vladimir Kuts in world record 13:34.8 for 5,000 meters at Bergen, equaled 7:53.6 mark for 3,000 meters at Trondheim.



Olin Stephens, marine architect who competed in his first Bermuda Race back in 1928, designed four of this year's leading yachts: winner *Finistere* (see page 48), record breaker *Solero* and *Venloer*, Class B leader *Pique*.

RECORD BREAKERS

Navy's Jack Davis clipped over 110-meter high hurdles in 6:53.4 in preliminary of AAU meet at Bakersfield, Calif., to clip one-tenth of second off world record (June 22) but next day ran second to North Carolina College's feet Lee Calhoun in 9:13.6 final (see page 47).

Finland's Seidi Nikkisen got off heavy of 274 feet 1.83 inches to better Bud Held's world javelin mark by nearly 6 feet at Kuusimies (June 24).

Czechoslovakia's Lucette Mer waddled to two walking records at Prague, leading and towing 34,000 meters in 4:21.07 and 30 miles in 4:32.03.7 (June 22).

Indiana's Ed Woolsey, back in native Hawaii and "in greatest condition of my life," churned through Waialeale salt water pool in 2:02.7 for 200-meter freestyle (June 22), setting pace for assault on U.S. records by slender 15-year-old Sylvia Runzo of Berkeley, Calif., who covered 400-meter individual medley in 4:54.7 (June 22) and Ohio State's Yoshi Oyakawa, who swam 100-meter backstroke in 1:24.3 (June 24). Other district record breakers: 15-year-old Page Anderson of Berkeley thrashed 200-yard breaststroke in 2:41.2 for U.S. mark at Santa Clara, Calif. (June 31); 13-year-old Chris van Salsa of San Jose, Calif., splashed 500-yard freestyle in 5:32.5 for world standard at San Jose (June 24).

BASEBALL

Mickey Maule's week: eight hits, five walks, three strikeouts, three runs scored,

three home runs (putting him three ahead of Babe Ruth's record year after 54 games) in 25 times at bat. Mickey leads American League in following departments: BA—374; H—91; R—62; RBI—50; HR—27.

Chicago, weary of playing patsy to New York, had surprise ready when front-running Yankees came to town. White Sox swept four straight from shocked New York, had Casey Stengel mastering to himself as they made it eight in row for week and moved within one game of American League lead. Cleveland also made long-awaited move as pitching peaked up, beating Boston and Washington in six games to regain third place.

Milwaukee, feeling its oats under new Manager Fred Haney, who chalked it all up to "law of averages" (but see page 18), ran winning streak to 10 at expense of Pittsburgh and New York, scored two games ahead of pack in National League. Braves helped least. Pirates babbled with four straight, pushed Giants into cellar in next four. Cincinnati won three out of four from Brooklyn to take second place while dropping Dodgers to third. Pirates lost eight in row before losing out Chicago 1-0, barely retained in first division ahead of St. Louis, who ran into trouble in Brooklyn and Philadelphia.

BOXING

Ray Calhoun, unbeaten middleweight sensation, showed little boxing skill but plenty of punching power as he knocked out-

ing Willie Vaughn to career twice in eighth before winning by TKO in New York for his third straight (see page 38).

Bob Satterfield, china-chinned Chicago heavyweight, had one of his good nights, not promising Johnny Sauerwein lying through ropes in third round, went on to take 16-round decision at Chicago. IBC's Truman Gibson Jr., reported to have more than rattling interest in women, began looking ahead to fall pairing of Satterfield and Harrison Jacobs because of their "interesting styles."

Gerrard Goodie Knight, meeting with new California State Athletic Commission, emphatically laid down law of the state: "We are going to have it boxing and wrestling! Wrestling, clean and decent, or we're not going to have any at all." Commission reacted quickly, showed holdover Dr. Dan O. Kilroy chairman, promptly ruled against proposed heat between Middleweight Champion Sugar Ray Robinson and six-year-old Walterweight Art Aragon.

TRACK & FIELD

AAU championships at Bakersfield produced bumper crop of star performances and upsets (see page 41), but U.S. Olympic officials made biggest news when they took unprecedented (and sensible) step, qualified Sprinter Dave Sene, forced out of action by pulled leg muscle, and Javelin Thrower Bud Held, recovering from recent ankle operation and also in competition, for Olympic tryouts at Los Angeles.

continued on next page

FOCUS ON THE DEED



MAKING LIKE A FIGHTER, Chicago's Dave Philley commits the unpardonable sin (left) of leading with his right as he cuts out after New York's Bob Grim, who actually dodges layman (right), which cost White Sox outfielder \$200 fee.



MAKING LIKE A BATTER, thwarted baseball player Rocky Marciano takes foul ball at the ball while working out with Chicago Police team.

SCOREBOARD



Willie Shoemaker, able little jockey, booted home Rex Ellsworth's Candy Dish at Hollywood Park to become the seventh active rider to win 2,000 races, two days later was aboard when Swaps sped to new world mark (see below).



Mickey Wright, slender little blonde with big eyes, gave her driver Mickey Maule tooth, belted ball 272 yards, one of longest measured drives ever by woman golfer, in preliminary to Ladies PGA tournament at Detroit.



Winston Churchill, venerable 81-year-old politician, diplomat, author and sportsman, accused himself from garden party in Rome, took off for nearby club and television to watch his Le Pretendant win Churchill Stakes at Ascot.

HORSE RACING

Born Mighty, C. V. Whitney's 16-to-d shot who did not figure to start as "a" track, was caught in downpour on way to post, made most of sloppy going to draw clear of fading favorite Fabian in stretch, went on to take \$45,340 Ohio Derby at Thistle-Down (see page 84).

Middleweight, conqueror of Nuckas at Belmont, settled back to let stablemate Albbai Lashen set early pace, charged up from last place along inside rail to win \$56,880 Massachusetts Handicap by comfortable length and half at Suffolk Downs.

Colonel Farn's Mia Clemens, ridden by Jackie Westroppe "Eke I owned her," took command early, led field to wire in \$37,388 New Castle Stakes, second of Delaware Park's Distant Big Three features.

John W. Hanes, president of board of trustees of Greater New York Association, confirmed purchase of Irish-bred My Babu from Her Highness Maharani Sita Devi Gaskwar of Baroda by large American syndicate for "right around \$650,000," reported stallion will be flown to U.S. July 8 to stand at Spendthrift Farm of Leslie Combs II. My Babu can look forward to busy 1967: 34 breed mares owned by syndicate members.

AUTO RACING

Carroll Shelby of Dallas pushed his gleaming red Ferrari through buffeting winds at average speed of 80.44 mph to win 152-mile feature race at Elkhart Lake, Wis. (see page 52).

GOLF

Marlene Bauer Hagg, poetry young pro from Asheville, N.C., who has been hottest golfer on circuit, matched par on last three holes to force the sixth veteran Patty Berg, calmly capped in 18-inch putt on first green of sudden-death playoff to win Ladies PGA title and \$1,358 at Detroit.

MOTORBOATING

Don Wilson scored Harry Dodge's *Don's My Sonnet* over Detroit Silver at 78.663 mph average speed to win Maple Leaf Regatta halted by driving rain after first heat at Windsor, Ont.

TENNIS

USLTA, celebrating diamond jubilee, crowned best 18 players of all time, put late Bill Tilden, whose smashing service and free all-round play won seven U.S. singles titles, at top of list by overwhelming vote. The others: 2) Don Budge, 3) Jack Kramer, 4) Bill Johnston, 5) Ellsworth Vines, 6) Pancho Gonzales, 7) Maurice McLaughlin, 8) William A. Larned (senior) seventh, U.S. champion, 9) R. Norris Williams, 10) Bobby Riggs.

MILEPOST

1000—Robert A. Gardner, 66, two-time U.S. amateur golf champion, in 1969 at age of 18 (youngest ever) and again in 1955, Yale track captain in 1912 and first to pole-vault 12 feet, national coach recruits dunkles thisholder in 1926; of cerebral hemorrhage, at Lake Forest, Ill.

FOR THE RECORD

AUTO RACING

PETER COLLINS and **MIMI MATHIASSEN**, Goodwill 1st, 5000 Pts. 3, set 1st lap record, with 171.2 mph average speed, at Monza, Monza, Italy.

12000—**AMER**, Los Angeles, 1945 100-m. and championship mile, in 1:22.00-80, Longhorns, Pa.

BOATS

12000—**CHAMPS**, 7-foot 100 over Bob Wright, Longhorns, Pa.

1955—**MAHON**, 3-year 80 over Earl Jackson, Longhorns, Pa.

20000—**WILLIAMS**, 11-round decision over Ben Baker, for British Light Heavyweight title, London, England.

1955—**MAHON**, 3-year 80 over Don Lee, Longhorns, Pa.

1955—**MAHON**, 3-year 80 over Don Lee, Longhorns, Pa.

1955—**MAHON**, 3-year 80 over Don Lee, Longhorns, Pa.

1955—**MAHON**, 3-year 80 over Don Lee, Longhorns, Pa.

1955—**MAHON**, 3-year 80 over Don Lee, Longhorns, Pa.

1955—**MAHON**, 3-year 80 over Don Lee, Longhorns, Pa.

1955—**MAHON**, 3-year 80 over Don Lee, Longhorns, Pa.

1955—**MAHON**, 3-year 80 over Don Lee, Longhorns, Pa.

1955—**MAHON**, 3-year 80 over Don Lee, Longhorns, Pa.

1955—**MAHON**, 3-year 80 over Don Lee, Longhorns, Pa.

1955—**MAHON**, 3-year 80 over Don Lee, Longhorns, Pa.

1955—**MAHON**, 3-year 80 over Don Lee, Longhorns, Pa.

1955—**MAHON**, 3-year 80 over Don Lee, Longhorns, Pa.

1955—**MAHON**, 3-year 80 over Don Lee, Longhorns, Pa.

1955—**MAHON**, 3-year 80 over Don Lee, Longhorns, Pa.

1955—**MAHON**, 3-year 80 over Don Lee, Longhorns, Pa.



FABULOUS Swaps streaks to fourth world record (1:58 for mile and sixteenth) while winning Englewood Handicap at Hollywood Park as Jockey Willie Shoemaker looks back at runner-up Mister Goo.



MEMORIZED Jack Dempsey (61 this week), given Bridget Murphy treatment by Hypnotist Bennett White (left), holding on horn, belts out two-dated imitation of Singer Johnny Ray.

COMING EVENTS

June 28 Through July 8

FAMILY (JUNE 28)

- Baseball**
● Chicago vs. Milwaukee, Chicago (R/R/1*).
- Swimming**
● Giffani vs. Yama Bahama, waterweights, Med. St. Garden, N.Y. (18 rds.), 10 p.m. (NBC).
● Franco Carveth vs. Henri Neuhart, European Heavyweight Title, Bologna, Italy (15 rds.).

Horse Shows

- Brite Creek Horse Show, Brite Creek, Md. (through July 1).
● San Diego County Fair Fall Nat. Horse Show, Del Mar, Calif. (through July 8).

Olympics

- Track & Field trials (heats), U.S. Olympic men's team, Memorial Coliseum, Los Angeles (also June 30).
● N.H.F. Championships, heavyweight class, Olympic training camp, Lake Placid, Syracuse, N.Y. (through June 30).

Rodeo

- Silver-Side Stampede, Elko, Nev. (through July 1).

Tennis

- Wimbledon Tournament, Wimbledon, England (through July 7).

WEDNESDAY, JULY 2

Auto Races

- SOCA Hillclimb, Buffalo Bill Mountain club, Golden, Col.
● U.S. Auto Club stock car race, Broadway Spillway, Knoxville, Tenn.
● NASCAR Grand National race, Spartanburg Fairgrounds, Spartanburg, S.C.

Baseball

- Cleveland vs. Chicago, Cleveland, 1:55 p.m. (CRS*). (Mutual*).

Golf

- World Senior Professional Golf championship (continues), Chesham, England. Bob Mayne, England vs. Peter Burke, U.S.

Harness Racing

- The Messenger Stake, \$10,000 added, 3-yr.-old ponies, Rensselaer Raceway, N.Y., 10:25 p.m. (NBC).

Horse Racing

- Delaware Handicap, \$118,000, 3-yr.-olds up, 1 1/8 miles, Delaware Park, Md., 5:15 p.m. (NBC).
● Carter Handicap, \$20,000, 3-yr.-olds up, 7 furlongs, Belmont Park, N.Y., 4:10 p.m. (CBS).
● Vanity Handicap, \$10,000, 3-yr.-olds up, 1 1/8 miles, Hollywood Park, Calif., 8:20 p.m. (NBC).
● Wagon Wheel Memorial, \$25,000, 3-yr.-olds, 7 furlongs, Arlington Park, Ill., 5:40 p.m. (NBC).

Olympics

- Fencing, track & field trials, U.S. Olympic men's team, Memorial Coliseum, Los Angeles, 5 p.m. (NBC).

Tennis

- Middle-Atlantic Clay Court championships (continues), Bethesda, Md. (through July 8).

Trapshooting

- Forest Hill Gun Club, Fremont, N.H. (through July 4).

SUNDAY, JULY 7

Auto Racing

- NASCAR Grand National race, Asheville-Wheeler, N.C.
● U.S. Auto Club sprint race, Winchester, Ind. Grand Prix at France, Reims, France.
● SOCA Courtland Road race, Alabama region, Courtland, Ala.
● Santa Cruz Hillclimb, Scott's Valley, Santa Cruz, Calif.

Baseball

- Brooklyn vs. Philadelphia, Brooklyn, 3 p.m. (R/R/1*).

Golf

- LPGA Western Open, Wakanda C.C., Des Moines.

Rodeo

- Hobbs Backhoe, Hobbs, Ore. (through July 6).
● Reno Rodeo, Reno, Nev. (through July 6).
● St. Paul Rodeo, St. Paul, Ore. (through July 6).

Sailing

- Pacific Int'l Yachting Association and Pacific Coast Yachting Association Regatta, Victoria, B.C. (through July 7).
● Maritime Day Regatta, Istanbul, Turkey.

Skating

- Int'l Summer Skating Race, Oslo, Norway.

Tennis

- Wisconsin Valley championships (continues), Oshkosh, Neb. (through July 8).

THURSDAY, JULY 3

Archery

- Nat'l Field Archery Association Tournament, Calaveras Springs, Cal. (through July 5).

Baseball

- Detroit vs. Chicago, Detroit, 2:25 p.m. (Mutual*).

Boxing

- Joey Giardello vs. Tony Belford, middleweights, St. Nick's Arena, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (De Mont).

Golf

- British Open Golf Championship, Haystack, England (through July 5).

Hockey

- Dawson Bay Regatta, Toronto, Canada.

Tennis

- USITA Junior Hard Court tournaments, San Diego, Calif. (through July 8).

FRIDAY, JULY 4

Auto Racing

- NASCAR Late Model race, Sardis, Calif.

Baseball

- Chicago vs. St. Louis, Chicago, 2:25 p.m. (Mutual*).

WEDNESDAY, JULY 4

Auto Racing

- NASCAR Convertible race, 180 miles, N.Y. State Fairgrounds, Saratoga, N.Y.
● U.S. Auto Club Championship race, Burlington, S.C.
● U.S. Auto Club Championship Hillclimb, Pikes Peak, Col.
● NASCAR Grand National Race, 250 miles, Raleigh, N.C.
● Int'l. Motor Contest race, big cars, Kansas City, Kan., Cedar Rapids, Iowa and Oskaloosa, Iowa.

Baseball

- Detroit vs. Cleveland, Detroit, 2:25 p.m. (Mutual*).

Boxing

- Marvin Hager vs. Joe Meek, waterweights, Oakland, Calif. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (ABC).

Horse Racing

- Saratoga Handicap, \$75,000, 1 1/4 miles, 3-yr.-olds up, Belmont Park, N.Y.
● American Handicap, \$50,000, 1 1/4 miles, 3-yr.-olds up, Hollywood Park, Calif.
● Saxon Handicap, \$20,000, 1 1/4 miles, 2-yr.-olds up, Delmar Park, Delaware.
● Stars & Stripes Handicap, \$15,000, 1 1/4 miles, 3-yr.-olds up, Arlington Park, Ill.

Rowing

- Henley Great Race, Henley-on-the-Thames, England (through July 7).

Swimming

- Nat'l AAU Women's championships, Tyler, Texas.

Tennis

- Northwestern Open Mixed Doubles Championship (continues), Minneapolis (through July 5).

Trapshooting

- Nevada Ranching Club shoot, Elko, Nev. (through July 5).

Baseball

- Boston vs. New York, Boston, 1:55 p.m. (Mutual*).

Golf

- Canadian Open, \$15,000, Beaconsfield, G.C., Montreal, Canada.

Harness Racing

- Empire State Pacing Classic, \$20,000, Saratoga Springs, N.Y.

Horse Show

- Community Chest Horse Show, Denver, Cal. (through July 8).

Horse Racing

- Hollywood Lasso Stakes, \$25,000, 5 1/2 furlongs, 3-yr.-old fillies, Hollywood Park, Calif.

Trapshooting

- Kentucky State Shoot, Lawrence, G.C., Lexington, Ky. (through July 5).

Baseball

- Allentown vs. Syracuse, Allentown, Pa. (Eastern League), 1:55 p.m. (Mutual*).

Boxing

- Paolo Bonci vs. Joey Lopez, lightweight, Med. St. Garden, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (ABC).

Harness Racing

- Two-Year-Old Pace, \$23,000, Cicero, Ill.

Quarter-Horse Shows

- Solano Fair Meet, Vallejo, Calif. (through July 14).

SATURDAY, JULY 7

Airplane Racing

- Midjet Airplane Races, Niagara Falls, N.Y. (also July 9).

Auto Racing

- NASCAR Late Model race, Baltimore, Md.
● NASCAR Convertible race, 100 laps, Buffalo, N.Y.

Baseball

- Chicago vs. Detroit, Chicago, 2:15 p.m. (CBS*).
● New York vs. Pittsburgh, New York, 1:55 p.m. (Mutual*).

Golf

- SSGA Public Links Tournament, Harding Park, G.C., San Francisco (through July 14).

Horse Racing

- Saratoga Handicap, \$75,000, 1 1/4 miles, 3-yr.-olds, Belmont Park, N.Y.
● Lakes & Flowers Handicap, \$25,000, 6 furlongs, 3-yr.-olds up, Hollywood Park, Calif.

Motorboat Racing

- Mile-High Regatta & Maple Gold Cup Trophy Race, Lake Tahoe, Calif.

Sailing

- Int'l. Yachting Regatta, Helsinki, Finland (through July 25).

THURSDAY, JULY 8

Auto Racing

- U.S. Auto Club Championship race, Atlanta, Ga.
● U.S. Auto Club midget race, Flat Rock, Mich. and Williams Grove, Pa.

Baseball

- Boston vs. Baltimore, Boston, 1:55 p.m. (R/R/1*).

Swimming

- Nat'l AAU Women's Platform Diving championships, Houston.

* See local listing

● TV ● COLOR TV ● NETWORK RADIO: ALL TIMES E.S.T. EXCEPT WHERE NOTED.

50 MILLION CAMPERS HIT THE TRAIL

They can't be wrong—and they aren't—about the beauties of the American wilderness. Here are some tips on the nation's campsites and what to know to enjoy them

by REGINALD WELLS and VIRGINIA KRAFT

IN THE NEXT few weeks almost one-third of the U.S. population will take to the fields and woods in the biggest exodus to the outdoors this nation has yet seen. Loaded with confidence and thousands of pounds of comfort-promising equipment, 50 million campers are preparing to move out on foot, by car, trailer, bicycle and horse to tramp, ride, swim or just relax in the unequalled beauty of our nation's mountains and lakes, forests and parks.

Not all of these modern romads are ex-Boy Scout miracle workers full of woodlore and what to do with wet matches, or even what might be called outdoor types. The majority of today's campers are average families who will meet the experience of living—and surviving—outdoors for the first time; a new generation of vacationists who have found that camping can be fun.

What has motivated this mass return to nature and the woods? Around the campfire at night, aching a little from chopping wood and pretending not to notice the burn blister on his finger, many a camping father has ruefully wondered the same thing. It invariably begins innocently enough. A childish 9-year-old face—your son's—prompted by who knows what, looks up and in five words—"Dad, I wanna go camping!"—destroys comfort and peace of mind for weeks to come. It can be put off, of course, but only for a time.

The fortunate—or are they?—can park such childish enthusiasms off to professional children's camps like the

one on the following color pages. But many more prefer to do the job themselves and take their pleasure *ex faciliis*. And so the whole family plunges pell-mell into the excitement of preparation, buys an awful lot of equipment and hurls itself with force and enthusiasm into the wilds.

The surprising thing they soon discover is that they are having more fun together than they ever had before. For no longer is camping a Davy Crockett assault upon the wilderness, a test of endurance and deprivation. It can still be that for those who wish it so, but for most it is a new-found way of vacationing—different, exciting and cheap.

Thanks to our national parks and forests, most of which can be camped in, there is ample virgin territory to be explored. Furthermore, there are now enough of man's creature comforts provided nearby to make life worth living once you get there. Whether it is a weekend jaunt some few miles out from a city's edge or a journey of several weeks across the country, there are today campsites and amenities in varying degrees of luxury to suit every taste.

At the service of this new army of outdoor enthusiasts—60% of whom are family groups—are more than 3,900 supervised public campsites scattered

Continued on page 26

A BOY'S NEW WORLD

For some among the younger set of the nation's 50 million outdoor enthusiasts, these days are very special, for summer means a trip to camp for them. It is the time of shining faces and hopeful hearts, of gap-toothed grins that hide a touch of childish trepidation, of sturdy little legs that trudge from home's familiar front porch to railroad station, bus depot or airline terminal. It is the time when a door swings open in a boy's small world, revealing wondrous vistas: canoes and lakes, campfires in the wilderness; but also eerie night sounds and the sudden, gnawing longing for home—a time of comradeship in tents and trails which bring the boy just that much closer to the man. It is a time when the son whom you have held so close takes his first step alone into a world which henceforth will be real to him: the world of nature from which he springs, and also the world of men. It is a time half-jovous and half-afraid to a child's trembling and anticipating spirit; and what it means is shown on the following pages devoted to one such camp, Camp Susquee in New London, N.H.

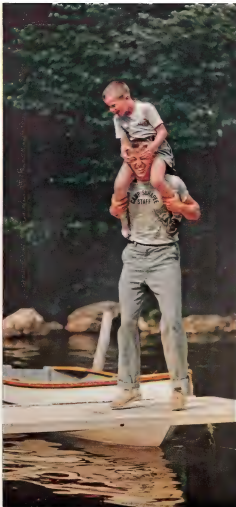




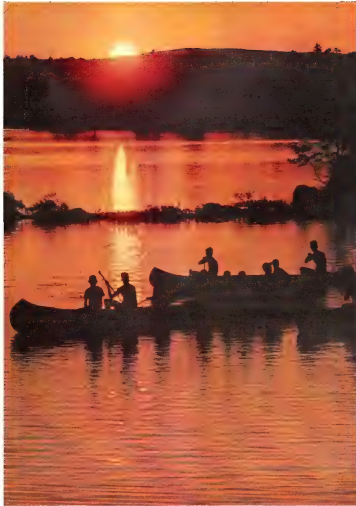


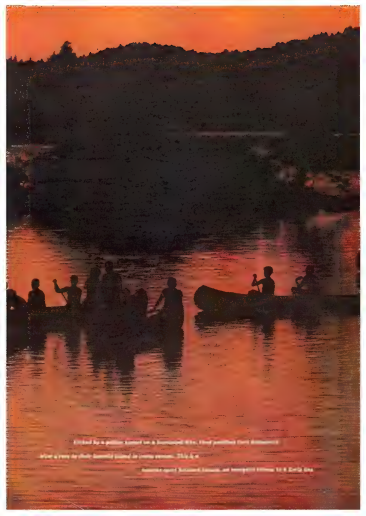
Morning inspection finds a proud lineup
in blue and gray, ready for orders
and a check by the camp warden

Water is a friendly element near to
Herb Krupp as Junior Counselor Bucky
Molinsma teaches him to swim



Pickback on Uncle Art Brown's
shoulders, 7-year-old Jim
gets a bouncy, happy ride



A group of people are in a canoe on a calm lake. The scene is captured at sunset or sunrise, with a warm, orange glow across the sky and water. The silhouettes of the people in the canoe are visible against the bright background. The water reflects the light from the sky, creating a shimmering effect. In the distance, a dark, silhouetted shoreline with trees is visible.

United by a common interest in a beautiful life, they gathered last September

when a rare life-threatening illness struck them. This is a

documentary about the illness, the people who live with it, and the impact it has on the world.



A hike on a rainy day brings

*18-year-old Homer compares to Pleasant Lake
and popcorn over an outdoor fire*



*The love of wild games. . . . Rabbits? Foxes?
Fishmeal? For Eric Perlmutter it's
those appealing creatures, salamanders*

But here the salamanders are forgotten as

*Eric, on Uncle Wally Barnes's shoulders,
gets involved in a splashing battle*





Trump, the anarchy of summer, sounds over the quiet lake

as Nelson Knapp brings the day—and the summer—to a close

50 MILLION CAMPERS

continued from page 48

across the nation, which offer every kind of convenience from the barest necessities of life to such things as electricity, hot showers, laundry tubs and bunk-equipped cabins. For those not sure how rough they want to rough it there are campsites where it is possible to sleep under the stars seemingly remote from civilization—and get always in easy reach of the Sunday morning paper. For the professional outdoorsman, there are invulnerable hard-to-get-into and hard-to-stay-alive-in areas which are tough enough to test even the best. And for the majority, a happy middle course: an invigorating blend of outdoor living plus practically all the comforts of home.

Complete listings of available campsites can be obtained from the National Park Service, Washington, D.C. or from state park services, and smart campers plot and plan their trip down to the last detail. In addition to the parks 150 national forests in 39 states offer to campers some of the wildest and most ruggedly beautiful country in the land. Every state has at least one public campsite; California has 671, all carefully maintained.

Most campers today travel to their destination by car. The vacationists, in fact, consider camping as the best way to live while on route. Trailer camping is rated next in popularity, but hiking, pack trips, canoeing and bicycling tours all have their adherents.

Certainly one of the biggest reasons for camping's present boom is that it is fantastically cheap. Many campsites are available with all amenities at no cost whatsoever; at others fees range from 35¢ per car of four people, per day, up to \$1. Some charge only when campers stay three days or more. Typical of most campgrounds is Castle Crags State Park, six miles south of Dunsmuir on U.S. 99 in California. For \$1 a day per car (\$1.50 per trailer) campers have the gratis use of firewood, electricity, fishing, swimming, hiking trails, a wood-burning stove, showers and laundry.

By using campsites like this, Mr. and Mrs. James M. Thomas of South Bend, Indiana last year took their two granddaughters (aged 7 and 14) on a 14-day, 3,400-mile trip which included visits to Mount Rushmore and Yellowstone Park for a total cost of \$135.00.

Another reason why more and more shopties are being drawn into the campfire area is that modernized camping equipment now makes living outdoors

no more hazardous than sleeping on the porch. Tents have been improved; they have sewn-in floors and are practically insectproof; airfoam mattresses on streamlined, tubular-framed beds have eliminated sleepless nights; lightweight sleeping bags are warm on the chilliest of mornings; and compact portable stoves no bigger than briefcases cook anything quickly and properly. A campsite may be more romantic, but for cooking purposes it is a trap for the nonexpert, who must expect to take an interminable amount of time to cook everything badly.

Add to these the joy of disposable dishes and eating utensils, and the killing power of today's deadly insecticides, and there is hardly anything left to frighten even the most timid stay-at-home.

However, it should never be forgotten that the best one can possibly

hope to achieve with the elements is a compromise. So long as you have to carry all your comforts with you, there will be much that has to be left behind. It is the continual struggle to make good those deficiencies which forms the basis of successful camping.

Success in this new endeavor will not come easily, but once achieved it is worth all the struggle. It will begin to show when your normal camping activity, which heretofore has been composed of one part exasperation mixed with two parts desperation, leaves you with a distinct impression that you are gaining on the hopeless odds. It is not a long step from there to the conviction that you have got the whole business by the tail. At this point, you will start attempting to convert the worst disbelievers among your friends. Stop before you do—you are way ahead of everybody else.

For places to camp in the U.S. and some

tips on how to avoid trouble, turn page

SOME NEW AIDS TO CAMPING COMFORT



LATEST Duck tent, of beestill drill is reworked and sells for \$69.50 with carrying case. Made by Terra Camper, Mass.



THREE-CHAMBER folding camp chairs are now full-income diners, come \$29.95. Made by Coleman Co., Wichita, Kan.



CAMPING-BASE camp table with four folding chairs inside sells for \$29.95. Made by Coleman Co., Wichita, Kan.



ARMOR is red-water shaver is the Seven spring-driven dry shaver, \$12.95 at Abernethy & Clark, New York.



COMBINATION map, compass, compass and pencil is a useful gadget for travelers. Costs \$1.99 at Hoffman, New York.



DE ADOR First King-Sleeping bag is where model 1552006 is \$54 with pump down. Made by EMM Swan, Seattle.

AN SI GUIDE TO CAMPING IN THE U.S.

Along with a state-by-state listing of the nation's supervised camping grounds and what they offer the camper.

 denotes national forest reserves, national park sites and others

[illegible]

HOW TO LIVE WITH DANGERS OF THE WILD



MOSQUITO



HORNET



WASP



TICK



HONEY BEE



CORAL SNAKE



WATER MOCCASIN



COPPERHEAD



RATTLESNAKE



FLY AGARIC



PEZIZUS



DESTROYING ANGEL



JACK-O'-LANTERN



ERETIC MUSHROOM



OREON SPORE



DEADLY AMANITA



POISON OAK (OILY)



POISON SUMAC



POISON OAK (TOASTED)



POISON IVY

TIPS FOR THE TRAIL TO PREVENT TROUBLE

Flashbacks. It sounds brutal, but the thing to do if you get a flashback caught in your flesh is to push the barbed end through your skin and cut off the barb. Then pull the detached hook out the same way it went in, wash liberally with antiseptic and bandage carefully to keep dirt out. Get to a doctor the same day for antitetanus shots. It is wise to take them before setting out on your trip; then, in the event of accidents, you'll only need a booster shot.

Poison ivy, oak and sumac. The best prevention is still to stay away from the stuff, although a successful preventive poison ivy vaccine will soon be on the market in shot or pill form (ask your doctor about it). If you think you get in contact with one of the poisonous plants, immediately scrub exposed skin with laundry soap and running water. If blisters form, use a zinc oxide ointment for a day. When blisters open, there is danger of secondary infection, and your doctor may want to use antibiotics to prevent this. The antihistamines will often alleviate itching.

Bee, hornet, wasp and mosquito stings. Good defensive measures are mosquito netting while you sleep, smoke screens and liquid insect repellents, like 6-12, applied to the skin. If swelling and itching is confined to site of bite, apply paste made of ordinary baking soda and water. If swelling or hives develop in other parts of the body, rush the sufferer to a doctor.

Sunburn. A good antburn oil or ointment, like Sarsol cream, applied before you go out in the sun, and a little common sense about acquiring a tan by slow degrees are the best ways to avoid painful sunburn. Remember, you can get a bad burn even on an overcast day. If skin reddens and swells, avoid using soap on the burned area and apply soothing oils, calamine lotion or ointment. If fever occurs, consult a physician.

Mushrooms. Unless you are an expert, it's best not to eat any that are growing wild. Remedy in case you do and find yourself in trouble: induce vomiting (mustard and hot water are good) and carry patient—don't let him walk—to a doctor at once.

Ticks. Pull them off your body with tweezers, then drown or burn them. The important thing is not to squish them; this releases the microbes from their bodies.

Snakebite. Apply a tourniquet above the site of the bite, but not so tightly that you stop flow in the arteries, releasing it for one minute every 10 or 15 minutes. Cut through the skin, making several incisions in vicinity of bite, between a quarter and a half inch long. Apply suction to incisions, preferably with suction cups, but if none are available, suck with your mouth and spit out poison. Carry patient to doctor at once.

—DOROTHY STILL

THE PIKES PEAK BOYS

Unser is the name, and The Hill is their game. This year two generations will be fighting this battle against time

by ALBERT ROSENFELD

THE car grinding precariously around the twisted and tortuous curves of the bone-dry and precipitous mountain road pictured opposite has just passed the nine-mile mark in America's most celebrated and spectacular uphill race, the annual Pikes Peak Auto Hill Climb. On July 4, some 20 drivers who have survived qualifying runs will take off at three-minute intervals and rear up the 12½-mile course that rises 4,708 feet at something better than 60 mph. If form holds, almost all of the cars will finish, there will be no serious accidents (nobody has ever been killed in the event) and among the money winners there will be an Unser.

An Unser is any of five different persons from the same family who have

made the Colorado race something of a personal undertaking. They drive stock cars and sprint cars, American makes and foreign. They are all master mechanics as well as master drivers and their skill commands respect on almost any speedway in the West, although Unsers have raced and won reputations in Mexico and in Hawaii.

First there is Uncle Louis Unser from Colorado Springs, an old pro who has won the race nine times, on four occasions breaking the course record. Then there is Jerry (Dad) Unser Sr., Louis' brother from Albuquerque, N. Mex., who before he retired last year, entered 16 climbs and never finished out of the money. And there are Dad's three oldest sons, the twins Louis and Jerry Jr.,

23, and Bobby, 22, who drove in the climb for the first time last year and finished third, fourth and fifth.

Uncle Louis and the three boys are all entered again and should qualify. Dad Unser, as he did in 1965, will stay on the sidelines and work and root for his sons. "I'm not modest about my driving," he says, "but, at 58, my reflexes aren't what they used to be. I know when to quit. But my brother obviously doesn't. Louis is almost 50, and he still thinks he can compete with my youngsters."

Age has become a bone of contention between the branches of the family. The trouble began before the race last year when Uncle Louis, who was to drive a \$30,000 Meyer-Drake, persuaded the owner of an Offenhauser not to get tough with his intention of letting young Louis drive it in the race. Uncle Louis was against allowing any of the boys to drive on Pikes Peak because he felt they were too young. "If you have to let them get in the race," he told their father, "put them in dunkies the first time around, not in real fast jobs like Jags and Offies."

When Louis the Less told his sad news to the rest of the family Bobby, who at the moment was working on a Jaguar engine, threw an oily rag on the floor and vowed Louis would drive the Jag, which, he claimed, "can outrun any Offie on The Hill."

Dad Unser was simultaneously stunned and pleased. "I've always taught my kids to be sportsmanlike and unselfish," he said recently, "but this was asking too much of Bobby. That Jag was made for his style of driving and driving it in the race was all he ever dreamed of. I was half choked up, but all I could say was,

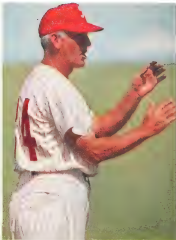
continued on page 53

THE UNSER BOYS trade trophies like musical chairs. Last year Louis (left) was top man, with Jerry Jr. (center) and Bobby close behind. Behind them are Al and Jerry Sr.

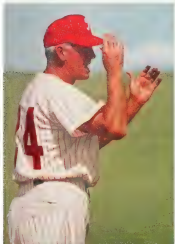


A DUST CLOUD on 58 Milepost, nears finish passing of Bob Fitzzy on his way to a new course record last year. This is a favored spot for Pikes Peak race spectators.





Hands on hips, clapping hands, touching cap or nose are all parts of standard repertoire of coaches like Phils Manager Mayo Smith, may be actual signals to batter or fake to decoy opponents



Guest Columnist Young, who lives with the Dodgers,
hears a candid clubhouse conversation on the theme

WE'LL HIT BETTER

IN THE CUNICULAR adjoining the manager's office at Ebbets Field there is room only for three lockers, the stools in front of them, a small couch and considerable cogitation. The three lockers belong to the three coaches, the couch to whoever happens to be sitting there at the moment.

This time it belonged to Walt Alston. He sat there studiously, in full Dodger uniform, looking for the answer on the sheet of paper that rested on his knees. Each day before the game, Alston is handed such a sheet. It contained the Dodgers in mimeographed form, individually and collectively.

The newspapermen who cover the club get copies. They read certain things into the many-columned table of statistics. Alston might read others.

"Here's something that's changed," said the manager, looking up from his lap. "Our pitchers have hit eight men. We've only been hit twice."

"Do you think we're ducking better than we used to?" suggested Jake Fiter.

"No," said Billy Herman. "Way should they bother to throw at us? We're not hitting enough to waste pitches on that way. They don't have to throw at us."

"That's right," said Joe Becker. "They threw at us last year when we were hitting home runs. Now we're not hitting them. Now we're not hitting anything, so they're not bothering to hit us."

Alston's face crinkled in a smile. "Our pitchers have given up 69 home runs," he said, referring to the sheet. "We've hit 58."

"That's another thing that has changed," said Herman with a trace of disgust.

"I've got to believe we're going to hit," said Alston earnestly. "These guys have been good hitters all their lives. They can't all stop hitting at once. You just don't forget how to hit overnight."

A year ago at this stage the Dodgers had been hitting a whopping 377 as a team. Now the sheet showed the aggregate to be 349. Other essentials, such as homers, RBIs, runs, had slumped accordingly.

Alston looked hard at his coaches as though he suspected what they dared not say. So he said it. "And I can't go along with the idea that they're old. They're a year older, but not that old. A man doesn't stop hitting because he's a year older; not all at once."

"I say a man finds his level over a season. A .330 hitter will hit around .330, a .300 hitter around .300 and a .260 hitter around .260. A .300 hitter who is hitting .260 now has a lot of hits coming before the season ends. That's how I feel about our team."

"Purillo looks like he's snapping out of it," said Becker.

"When he's going good," said Alston, "he looks like the best hitter in the world. When he's going lousy he looks like the worst."

"I don't know what to think about Campanella," said Herman.

"He's the one who could hurt us if he doesn't start soon," said Alston. "I keep thinking, before every game, this might be the day he'll bust out of it."

Roy Campanella was thinking the same thing. Out in the next room, the large room with lockers lining the walls and a few situated in the center of the floor, most of the players were peeling off their sweat-soaked undershirts used in the workouts and pulling on dry ones for the game. The center lockers are prestige lockers. Half a dozen or so, they belong to the stars. Duke Snider has one. Carl Erskine has one. Campanella, the star who was batting .306, which is hardly his weight, has one.

"You fellows just keep carrying me," Campy shouted for the entire clubhouse to hear. "You carry old Roy for just a little while longer and I'll get all these hits I owe you."

Most of them laughed. Some of them yelped substantiations which were garbled in the overlapping. "We're winning now," Pee Wee Reese said to him. "You'll get the hits later, when we need them."

"To tell you the truth," said Campy with a chuckle, "I need them right now. I need them bad, awful bad."

Campanella was in the midst of the worst slump of his life. He had been dropped from the cleanup spot to sixth, to seventh and now to eighth. Last season, when Alston had slotted Campy No. 5 in the batting order, the catcher's damaged pride provoked a public pop-off.

"I'm no eighth-place hitter," he had said.

This time Campanella said, "The way I'm going, I can't blame him for batting me eighth. I wouldn't blame him for putting me under the pitcher."

"Roomie," said Don Newcombe, the hitting pitcher, "when I'm pitching, you should be batting on the bottom."

"Shee-man," snarled Campanella. "You ain't sackly knocking down any fences this season yourself."

SIGNALS AND SPIES

WID HARRIDGE, the pleasant, gray-haired baseball fan who earns his living as president of the American League, struck a blow for fun and color the other day when he turned down Baltimore Manager Paul Richards' protest that the Chicago White Sox had snatched a binocular-bearing spy in the center field scoreboard to steal the Baltimore catcher's signals. Similar charges over the years have usually foundered on a lack of evidence. But this time HARRIDGE, in effect, said skip the evidence, there has been no crime. There is no rule, he flatly informed Richards, against stealing signals, even if they are stolen by a man in a long black beard carrying a brass telescope. It was a blow to Richards but not to the fan who reveals in these odd marginal disputes and who may, next time he sees a ball game, try to steal some signals himself. It's still a lot easier said than done, however, as the fan may agree after watching Philadelphia Manager Mayo Smith (topless page) coaching at third. Is Mayo actually scratching his nose, adjusting his nap, chipping encouragement, resting his arm? Or is he sending terse, telegraphic messages into home plate to his alert batter to hit this pitch, take that one, bunt?

HIGHLIGHT:

CHICAGO 1 1 1
BALTIMORE 0 1 1

"Why don't you try—" Newsoms began.

"Now don't you go giving me batting lessons, too," said Campanella with a pained look. "I've got more advice now than I can use."

That's the way it is with most hitters in a slump. Everyone seems to know precisely what's wrong, and usually everyone has a different cure-all to suggest: "You're overstriding . . . you're understriding . . . you're taking too many pitches . . . you're swinging at too many bad balls . . ."

Campanella had been listening to them all, as a desperately sick man will listen to any quick remedy, for a slugger grows desperate and sick from worry when his batting average loses weight. And then one day the sick ball-player stops listening to others and tries talking it out with himself.

"I know what's wrong with me," said Campanella. "I'm guessing. I'm swinging at bad pitches. My head is flying out, and my bat is flying out, and I don't even see the ball I'm swinging at half the time."

Why swing at bad pitches? he was asked. Why not just take a walk?

"I'm no walking man," said Roy, as though it was a fantastic suggestion. "I'm a hitting man. I just hate to walk."

Strong currents prevailed in the pennant race. Milwaukee went on a weathering winning streak under new Manager Fred Haney, and the Cincinnati Pirates turned back into pumplins. The Yankees, too, been intimidating their American League rivals; but then last weekend the Chicago White Sox, who had lost seven of eight games in New York, refused to believe the Yanks were as good as all that and beat them four straight times to inject a dose fresh flavor of competition into the American League race.

All week before the Yankees came to town the White Sox fought hard just to stay within hitting distance, fought hard to win every game. It wasn't easy. Against Baltimore on Thursday they made just one hit, yet won. In a rugged week, it was a game to remember:

In the first inning, Baltimore Pitcher Connie Johnson walked Chicago's leadoff batter, Art Rivera, who then stole second

base. Nelson Fox hit a long double to right center to score Rivera. It was the first inning and no one was out, but that was the last hit and the last run Chicago made all day.

"I guess it was the best game I ever pitched in the majors," Johnson said of his brilliant failure. For if he was superb, Chicago's Jack Harshman was better. He had men on base (via four walks and an error) in the second, fifth and sixth, but each time he pitched out of trouble. Harshman was pitching a no-hitter against Johnson's one-hitter, and he knew it. The one hit and one run Chicago had on the scoreboard grew bigger and bigger.

But in the seventh Gus Triandos speared the no-hitter with a double down the left field line. "I was disappointed," the articulate Harshman said. "But my prime concern was to protect the one-run lead and not get tied off about the hit. The very next play was the key

He seemed to realize that sounded vain and foolish. He knew, especially as a catcher would know, that as long as he continued to chase bad pitches he would get bad pitches, because pitchers around the league know when a man is chasing.

"I know I've got to take those bad ones," he said. He winked his pudgy

face into a knot and added comfortingly: "Don't you worry about daddy. He's far from finished."

Campanella was aware of the whippersnapper word. People in baseball are quick to seize upon the sliding batting average of a man past 30 as an indication he's on the way out. Campanella's age is recorded as 34 and he is constantly kidded about giving himself a couple of years the best of it. Last year when he was MVP, and two years before that and two before that when he was MVP, he would laugh off aside references to a rigged birth certificate by saying: "It's not how old you are that counts; it's how you hit that little ball."

Now all he could do was ask you to take his word for it. "I'm not washed up."

Four long strides from Campanella's locker, diagonally across an aisle, sat Gil Hodges, too much occupied with his own batting slump to worry about someone else's. Gil is 32. Deep lines in his expressive face confirm it. The trimness of his muscled torso denies it. A year ago at this time he was batting .301. Now the figure was .232.

"I'll come out of it," Hodges said. "I always have." He laughed aloud as he said: "It's just taking me a lot longer this time."

He grew serious again. His difficulty has been the opposite of Campanella's. Gil, when he is slumping, doesn't swing at bad pitches. He doesn't even swing at good pitches. He takes strikes as though paralyzed. The outside portion



"Separate desks."

GARY
DALEY

Never Carry More Cash Than You Can Afford To Lose



You can't lose if you carry AMERICAN EXPRESS TRAVELERS CHEQUES



- Prompt refund if lost or stolen.
- Accepted everywhere—easy to spend as cash.
- Good until used—no time limit.
- Buy them at your bank, at Railway Express and Western Union offices. Charge—only 1%.

Always insist on American Express Travelers Cheques

to the game, so far as I'm concerned."

Hal Smith attempted to sacrifice Tardos to third, but Hardman fiddled the ball and threw hard to third base just in time for the out. He had no further trouble. As he walked off the mound his wife, sitting behind the Chicago August, held up one finger, sorrowfully indicating the hit, and then crossed her fingers in hope that the one would be all. It was. Jack retired the last six Orioles to match Johnson's one-bitter. Only twice before in the nearly 78,000 major league games played were 1969 last rival teams been held to one hit apiece.

Hardman, who celebrated that night with a broiled chicken dinner and a couple of bottles of beer, expressed sympathy for Johnson, who left for a pinch-batter in the eighth inning. "It must have been very disheartening for Connie to walk to the clubhouse behind 1-8 in a one-bitter. It must have been a long walk for him."

It was indeed, but for the White Sox, with their 12-0 on the Yankees, it was a beautiful day all the way.

of the plate looks a mile away to him.

"I go through this same thing every year," he reminded them. "I don't know why; I just do."

Isn't it logical for a man who is having trouble with the outside pitch to try standing closer to the plate?

"I tried it a while back," he said. "Just for one time at bat. I didn't feel comfortable, so I moved back again. Maybe I'll try it again. I don't know."

Ed Roebuck, the pitcher who had served the record-distance homer to Joe Adcock a few days before, said to nobody in particular: "Hey, did you see where Mickey Mantle hit one that made Adcock's look like a pop fly? You think that ball ain't livelier?"

TWO FOR CAMPY

"I don't know what they do with those lively balls when I come up," giggled Campanella. "They must be throwing me those nickel rockets."

Billy Herman stuck his head out of the little room, looked at the large clock on the wall above the scales and said: "It's getting about that time. Let's get out there."

The Dodgers shoved their shirts into their trousers, pulled on their caps and headed for the door. In the small room, Walt Alston arose from the couch, climbed the two steps that led to his office and tossed the mimeographed statistics sheet onto his desk. He picked up a newspaper folded to the baseball standings

continued on next page

On the mellow of leading eating places and shelves of leading stores.
Send for seasonal booklet.

CHARTREUSE

Yellow 80 Proof • Green 110 Proof
Schieffelin & Co., 20 Cooper Sq., N. Y. 3

Sperry Top-Siders



- for non-slip safety
- highest flexibility
- greatest comfort

ON ANY DECK
OR COURT

Write or Move
Men's & Women's 18-45
Jackets—115-45

Art Deco, Spanish, Modern,
East Street. Write for
color notes, style notes.

Sperry Top-Sider
10 Main Street,
Newark, N. J.

Going Places? Doing Things?



PRICES REDUCED! ON THE BEST COOLERS BUILT Crownco Coolers Reduced 1/2 to 1/3

KEEPS DRINKS and FOODS
COLD OR WARM!

TOP CHOICE for OUTDOOR
SPORTS, VACATION TRIPS, AT
HOME IN BACKYARD,
RUMPUS ROOM OR BAR

- Durable • Lightweight • Compact
- Easy to clean, leakproof aluminum liner
- Thick ThermosBor insulation

At better dealers or write

Crownco MFG. Inc.
4225 Hennepin Ave. • Minneapolis 6, Minn.



no Mosquitoes... when you use "6-12" insect repellent

Just smear a little "6-12" Insect Repellent on your skin. Mosquitoes, chiggers, black flies and gnats will stay away for hours. "6-12" Repellent is odorless, greaseless, and won't irritate the most tender skin. Available in liquid or solid stick form.

Be sure to ask for "6-12"

Insect Repellent
Only 59¢



6-12
insect repellent

MOUNTED COLOR REPRINTS FROM SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

Now Available

The splendid color of sport, as only *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* presents it, can now be yours to hang permanently in your walls. Choosing and mounting on laminated boards, your own choices from all the color photography and art which have appeared in *SI* will make a beautiful decoration for your game room, summer home, bar, or a wonderful gift for a sports-loving friend.

Just send brief identifications of each picture you want, including page and date of issue—with a check or money order made out to *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*.

The prices for each picture (including mailing charges):

Half page: \$1.00

Full page: \$1.50

Two-page spread: \$2.50

Write: See T

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED,

9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y.

BASEBALL

(continued from page 17)

and shook his head as he studied it.

A year ago the standings showed Brooklyn out in front by 10 games. Now you could spit at first place and not five teams. Brooklyn, Cincinnati, Milwaukee, Pittsburgh and St. Louis.

"I've thought right along that Milwaukee is the team to worry about, and I still do," Alston said. "That's if Conley comes around. If not, I think Cincinnati will give us the most trouble. They make the runs. Everybody says they don't have the pitching, but whenever I look up at the scoreboard, I see a lot of errors, so somebody must be doing the pitching for them."

Alston opened the private door that leads from his office to the passageway beneath the stands. "There's one thing that makes me feel pretty good," he said over his shoulder. "We haven't been hitting a thing, and here we are right up with the rest of them. That makes me believe that when we start hitting, we ought to do all right."

As the week wore on there was partial justification for Alston's optimism over his failing hitters. Campanella, notably, hit two 3-run homers against the Cardinals and two days later smacked another against the Red Sox. As a reward, he was moved slightly back up in the batting order but by the end of the week was relaxing. Yet, feeling his long batting slump was at last over, Campanella explained, "I guess I just ran out of outs."

Campy's second homer against St. Louis was especially valuable. It came as a climax to an almost unbelievable game, when Brooklyn was in the story-book position of being 3 behind and 2 out in the bottom half of the ninth. Roy's hit tied up the game, which Brooklyn went on to win.

Although showing brief flashes of their 1955 power, the Dodgers still found they could do little with their new weapons, the Cincinnati Redlegs. Walter Alston again desperately shuffled his lineup (26 times in 53 games), but the Redlegs won three out of four in Brooklyn.

END

X-RAY

TEAM PERFORMANCES

Team	Record	Games Back	Series	Record	Games Back
St. Louis (N, 164-34)	100-50	128-200	12	100-50	128-200
NATIONAL LEADER					
Philadelphia	9-0	114	(75-33)	12	114
Cincinnati	4-5	141	(58-42)	12	141
Boston	3-4	159	(52-37)	8	159
Chicago	2-3	160	(49-44)	7	160
New York	2-4	171	(41-30)	8	171
St. Louis	2-5	186	(35-30)	8	186
Pittsburgh	1-6	181	(33-33)	2	181
American League					
Chicago	9-0	100	(28-72)	8	100
Cleveland	4-0	100	(28-72)	8	100
New York	4-4	129	(49-50)	6	129
Baltimore	3-4	139	(41-42)	2	139
Kansas City	3-4	149	(41-50)	8	149
Boston	2-4	153	(33-20)	8	153
Washington	1-5	186	(36-45)	8	186
Detroit	0-6	200	(17-83)	2	200

TEAM LEADERS

Team	Player	Games	Runs	Home Runs	Fielding
St. Louis	Enos Slaughter	33	81	10	1.3
Philadelphia	Delmon Young	31	81	10	1.3
Cincinnati	Paul Richards	31	81	10	1.3
Boston	Carl Yastrzemski	31	81	10	1.3
Chicago	Sam Rice	31	81	10	1.3
New York	Sam Rice	31	81	10	1.3
St. Louis	Sam Rice	31	81	10	1.3
Pittsburgh	Sam Rice	31	81	10	1.3
American League					
Chicago	Sam Rice	31	81	10	1.3
Cleveland	Sam Rice	31	81	10	1.3
New York	Sam Rice	31	81	10	1.3
Baltimore	Sam Rice	31	81	10	1.3
Kansas City	Sam Rice	31	81	10	1.3
Boston	Sam Rice	31	81	10	1.3
Washington	Sam Rice	31	81	10	1.3
Detroit	Sam Rice	31	81	10	1.3

HEROES AND GOATS

THE MAJOR LEAGUES (On June 14)

Team	Player	Games	Runs	Home Runs	Fielding
St. Louis	Enos Slaughter	33	81	10	1.3
Philadelphia	Delmon Young	31	81	10	1.3
Cincinnati	Paul Richards	31	81	10	1.3
Boston	Carl Yastrzemski	31	81	10	1.3
Chicago	Sam Rice	31	81	10	1.3
New York	Sam Rice	31	81	10	1.3
St. Louis	Sam Rice	31	81	10	1.3
Pittsburgh	Sam Rice	31	81	10	1.3
American League					
Chicago	Sam Rice	31	81	10	1.3
Cleveland	Sam Rice	31	81	10	1.3
New York	Sam Rice	31	81	10	1.3
Baltimore	Sam Rice	31	81	10	1.3
Kansas City	Sam Rice	31	81	10	1.3
Boston	Sam Rice	31	81	10	1.3
Washington	Sam Rice	31	81	10	1.3
Detroit	Sam Rice	31	81	10	1.3

THE MAJOR LEAGUES (On June 14)

Team	Player	Games	Runs	Home Runs	Fielding
St. Louis	Enos Slaughter	33	81	10	1.3
Philadelphia	Delmon Young	31	81	10	1.3
Cincinnati	Paul Richards	31	81	10	1.3
Boston	Carl Yastrzemski	31	81	10	1.3
Chicago	Sam Rice	31	81	10	1.3
New York	Sam Rice	31	81	10	1.3
St. Louis	Sam Rice	31	81	10	1.3
Pittsburgh	Sam Rice	31	81	10	1.3
American League					
Chicago	Sam Rice	31	81	10	1.3
Cleveland	Sam Rice	31	81	10	1.3
New York	Sam Rice	31	81	10	1.3
Baltimore	Sam Rice	31	81	10	1.3
Kansas City	Sam Rice	31	81	10	1.3
Boston	Sam Rice	31	81	10	1.3
Washington	Sam Rice	31	81	10	1.3
Detroit	Sam Rice	31	81	10	1.3

THE ROOKIE

Team	Player	Games	Runs	Home Runs	Fielding
St. Louis	Enos Slaughter	33	81	10	1.3
Philadelphia	Delmon Young	31	81	10	1.3
Cincinnati	Paul Richards	31	81	10	1.3
Boston	Carl Yastrzemski	31	81	10	1.3
Chicago	Sam Rice	31	81	10	1.3
New York	Sam Rice	31	81	10	1.3
St. Louis	Sam Rice	31	81	10	1.3
Pittsburgh	Sam Rice	31	81	10	1.3
American League					
Chicago	Sam Rice	31	81	10	1.3
Cleveland	Sam Rice	31	81	10	1.3
New York	Sam Rice	31	81	10	1.3
Baltimore	Sam Rice	31	81	10	1.3
Kansas City	Sam Rice	31	81	10	1.3
Boston	Sam Rice	31	81	10	1.3
Washington	Sam Rice	31	81	10	1.3
Detroit	Sam Rice	31	81	10	1.3

A log of the 1956 Bermuda Race kept by SF's boating editor aboard the 70-foot yawl 'Gulf Stream,' with firsthand reports from three other key boats in the

ROUGH PASSAGE

Saturday, June 16, 11 a.m., aboard 70-foot yawl Gulf Stream, Newport, R.I.

Two hours before the Class A start of the Bermuda race, we cast off our lines and slide out the channel toward start at Brenton Reef, 13 alone—counting Skipper Monroe Hemmerfinger. Ahead a forest of masts moves along to low roar of auxiliaries, mastshead waggling as boats—85 of them—roll on oil-slick surface of water. Day is hot with almost no wind, air hazy with high overcast. The fleet rumbles by the ugly gray cottages on shore with crowds of people spread along rocks by the channel, looking like colorful water birds on land. Safe begin to go up. There's *Geniere*, the 1946 winner with blue hull and aluminum spar; there's *Moskito*—Arthur Knapp at the tiller with a splash of white bandage across his sunburned nose. There's *Moby*, winner in the last race and, as we come to the line, big, black *Osire* beers across our bow under a working rig. A Coast Guard boat comes alongside and hails us. "Twenty-mile-an-hour northeast forecast."

One p.m.: Start for Class A marked by a horn blast from the destroyer escort U.S.S. *Rhodes*, which will patrol the races. Absolutely no wind. *Osire* has what would be windward position with *Gulf Stream* next. Now a sloop comes in, and the 67-foot cutter *Mogu* walks out ahead, her big gunns trimmed close. If we get this kind of air all the way down, *Mogu* could take it. Now Class B, C and D boats are going off at 15-minute intervals. Fleet is strung out from shore to horizon, most of them trying to set spinnakers in the shifting air. 635 miles to go.

Aboard Finisterre, Saturday, June 16, 6:30 p.m.

Had start hurt, but *Finisterre* came over the line well to leeward and picked up a bit more clear air than the bunch at the windward end. Wind

turned to WSW at about eight knots. *Finisterre* dumped spinnaker and got a good run out of her balloo jib. By 7 p.m. she was leading Class D and had moved up among the C boats.

Aboard Gulf Stream, Saturday, June 16, 11:30 p.m.

Incredibly beautiful night with bright half moon and light WSW breeze. A real tourist race so far. A silky haze slides over the moon. There is a weather front hanging over us, and radio reports have given up on the northeaster. Our course is 175 magnetic to bring us into the Gulf Stream current 25 miles west of the rhumb line, the straight course for Bermuda. We're counting on the current to set us back onto the rhumb line. Distance—

recording log strung from stern shows us 60 miles out of Newport. Water temperature is 62°. We'll know we're in the Stream when the water temperature goes up to 78°. The watch on deck lies along the cockpit, easy in the light air, watching mastshead lights spaced out to leeward. Still *Mogu* weather.

Sunday, June 17, 6:30 a.m.: Air light at sunset. I took my first trick at wheel. This is a big boat with not too much feel in light wind. Only two boats in sight: *Marisanto* and *Nisa*, both to leeward. This is good company for *Gulf Stream*. If we can stick with them till we get some wind, we might do something. Course 175, barometer 30 and rising. The day should be hot.

One p.m.: Twenty-four hours out and we've made 170.3 miles. Wind has freshened to 15 knots, and Kenyon speed indicator shows a steady 9. This is more like it. While I was in my bunk off watch about 10 a.m. I could feel the boat take a list and begin to work, lifting and dropping her nose in slow rhythm while water hissed along outside. We're sailed into sargasso weed now, meaning the Stream is not far off. Course 167. A perfect sailing day. There's a school of porpoises off to leeward edging over toward us, playing back and forth, some taking 12- to 15-foot leaps arching out of water like heavy blue-gray projectiles.

continued on next page



SMILING WINNERS on *Finisterre* get news of victory in Hamilton Harbor. Standing, left: Crewman Ned Freeman, Buxxy

Rigg; Skipper Carlsson Mitchell; Navigator Carry Craner; Cook Henry Davis. Kneeling: Crewman R. Bertram, L. Finn.

BOATING

continued from page 53

They play all around the ship, then dive off to windward.

4 p.m.: Into the heart of the Gulf Stream. Water temperature up to 78. Course 160. Konyon shows 19.4 knots, close to hull speed. No sign of small line squalls that guard the edges of Stream.

8 p.m.: Our watch below, and now it starts. In my bunk I can feel the boat throw her bow up; then she plunges down the back side of the wave like a freight train. Squalls must be hitting. She is heeling farther over. A cross chop whacks her, and she shudders and slows momentarily. Sleep in this tiny rack is impossible. Any minute I'll be heaved out onto the floor. I lurch out and raise the edge of the bunk. No good. Raises it again. Not much better, but that's as high as it'll go. I'm as close to the overhead I can hardly roll over—a process of arching your body on your feet and hands and then doing a quick flip. Cabin is stifling hot with ventilators turned back away from spray. Hard not to get claustrophobia. Something in the galley just came down with a crash. I can hear a man on deck watch calling the set of the gunns from forward. "Light, hullo, that's good."

Midnight: On deck. The wind is roaring WSW at 28, gusts to 38; line squall clouds like balls of dirty cotton show ominously whenever moon breaks through. Water is washing along the lee rail, which dips at each puff. Feet like we're carrying too much canvas. There are the lights of a steamer ahead, steady and inconspicuously cheerful in the building sea. There's the DE's triangle of lights to port, nosing around to check the fleet. We clear the rainforest carefully so we can let it go if the boat gets knocked on her own. Abruptly with a dull crack our gunny stayed rig is two. Up come the off-watch, half naked. Six of us four-fer forward along the slanting, spray-swept deck. The bow is riding like an elevator. When we get up there we pull down the torn sail. It's slow to come and rough on fingers. I reach into my pocket for a pair of pliers to take off the fittings, and half the ocean goes inside my pants to stay. Oilskins are useless up here. Water in every crack. Water to sit in, water down my neck. We bend on a new sail and pull it up but the halyard folds. It takes 10 minutes to clear it, hanging on to the lifeline with one hand, hauling with the other. The ocean looks wild and black out there. No place for a swim. They'd

never be able to pick you up. A couple of the boys are feeling poorly—nausea, too, but I've been taking Bonamine and everything has stayed down so far. Now the halyard's clear. We pull up the sail and go aft to rest. I'm bombed. Boat has slowed to 8½ knots, but this is enough sail for now. It's time to go off watch and we go below, moving in slow motion. Wet oilskins and clothes are peeled off, matted into soggy balls and stuck into corners. The hall with that little bunk. I lie down on a mattress in the main cabin and go dead asleep till 8:30 a.m. Oatmeal, coffee and Bonamine, and the world looks brighter.

Monday, June 15, 9:30 p.m.: Two days out and we've covered 378 miles. 224 of them is last 24 hours. If we had this for three days we'd break *Midwest Light's* course record of 33 hours 38 minutes. *Moero* must be flying. *Moero* is finished. Too much sea and wind for her. Wind WSW at 28. Now the novelty of living at a 30° angle has ceased to be amusing. We're all tired and our equilibrium is poor. You stand at what you think is the right angle, lift one leg to peel off your wet pants and suddenly you lurch into a table, locker or, if you're lucky, into a bunk. When sitting you go for the windward side of the table because on the lower side, if you misjudge the angle of heel, you pour milk or cereal into your lap. In the bunk you wake suddenly to a bad roll and crash that sounds as though you've run through a log boom. The chop is apparently worse and she quivers with each roller. Water in the bilges sloshes up nearly to the sheathing. We get a pump going and head off the wind, and the boat steadies. Back to sleep, then dinner of roast beef at 4:45. We're still taking a licking, and the beef doesn't sell too well.

Aboard Finisere.
Monday, June 15, 9 p.m.:

Finisere's balloon jib has blown out and she's under a genny. She entered the stream at 11 p.m. last night and altered course to 163 to run down the chumb line. At 6:30 a.m. the wind suddenly went dead. Tormental rain squalls half-filled the cockpit. During one brilliant flash of lightning her steel rigging glowed a ghostly blue. Squalls getting worse. At 9 p.m. a black anvil-shaped cloud creeps in from windward, pushing hot tropical air in front of it. A burst of rain hits and suddenly the sky is absolutely clear with not a breath of wind. Carleton Mitchell calls below and the off-watch scrambles on deck. The wind whacks around from southwest to northeast in the space of

seconds. The crew drops the lightsails before they can rip against the shrouds, and sets them again on the opposite tack against a 15- to 20-knot north-easter. *Finisere* heads down her old course of 163. The northeaster blows harder and harder. *Finisere* is flying. By noon Tuesday she has covered 205.9 miles in 24 hours of log readings, a record pace for a boat her size. All through the run down the heavy cross-hatched sea, she drives like an A-class boat, never taking solid water aboard. Another 20 hours of this and *Finisere* might win the race.

Aboard Balise, Tuesday,
June 15, 8:30 a.m.:

Ship is well inside *Midwest Light's* record. Two headsails have blown out. *Balise* is too far ahead to catch the northeast wind shift and has ridden the southwesterly all the way, making 150 miles from Monday noon to Tuesday noon—steamer time. Suddenly the jibstay sagged dangerously and the head of No. 2 jib topails tore out. The stay fitting has let go. This is no time to lose the mast with the record nearby in hand and dangerous coral reefs not far to leeward. The crew leads two wire spinaker halyards forward, snags them down as jury stays, and *Balise* gets ready to tack into the finish line.

Aboard the record crowd Rhodes.
Tuesday, June 15, dawn:

There's *Moero*, roaring ahead at 10 knots, only 50 miles from the finish—but she's past the 100-fathom shelf and heading straight for the reefs. Now she's only a thousand yards off the reef and still holding course. At that speed she could tear her bottom out. The U.S.S. *Moorea* lies eight nautical miles and puts her 12-inch blinker light on *Moero*. Abruptly the big yawl makes a 90° turn and starts tanking through safe water toward the finish. She goes across the line at 11:11 a.m. for a new Bermuda course record of 70 hours 11 minutes 27 seconds.

Aboard Gulf Stream, Tuesday,
June 15, 9 a.m.:

We blew out another headail at 9:30 last night and put on another wringing-hot Chinese fire drill on the foredeck getting the sail down at 4 a.m. this morning. Wind is still WSW at 25 to 30. I eat a quick breakfast of chocolate cookies, Coke, corn flakes, ginger ale, coffee and sausages. Why it stays with me I'll never know. At 10 a.m. we get the northeaster. At 2 p.m. we look back and see the taffrail log is hanging slack. We pull it in and the

rotating propeller mechanism is gone. Apparently a shark that had been alongside bit it like a bone lure so we have no record of our distance traveled. No matter. Solid estimates put us only 38 miles from the finish line with wind blowing a good 20 and we're making 9 to 10 knots. Bermuda for cocktails. Hold everything. A sun sight puts us 85 miles west of the island. Somebody leans against a stay and gets a strong electric shock. Our whole lighting system is shocked out, and the compass has been thrown off 18°. We've had it. We're way out of the money. Nothing to do but bring the bow up and slug our way into the rising northeaster. Bermuda for breakfast tomorrow. Then the radio reports Solera's record. Happy days. At 7 p.m. we go below with the wind up to 35 and gray seas rising above the cockpit, twisting us sometimes 20° off course. I eat a bowl of chili and try to sleep. Impossible. Everything is wet below. Boat is taking a bad pounding. Frankly, we're a bit lost. It's getting dark, and the reefs north of Bermuda can't be too far to leeward.

**Aboard Finisterre, Tuesday,
June 19, 11 p.m.**

Wind a steady 30 knots. The little boat is riding beautifully under jib topsail and working foretopsail. No. 2 jib blew out last night. Mitchell gets his first decent star sight in two days and finds he's not 89 miles from Bermuda as calculated, but 40 miles. Radio says Solera and Ventureur have broken the record and all the other boats reported in so far as in Class A. Finisterre, a D boat, is well within her time allowance. She hardens up from 183 to 150 to get a cushion of safety against the reefs. Not much longer now.

**Aboard Elda, Wednesday,
June 20, 11:36 a.m.**

Just north of Bermuda, Crewman Slade Mills standing in the bow suddenly sees a white wall of water 20 feet ahead. He turns to yell to the man at the wheel. There is a sickening crash and Elda's whole starboard side is torn out by a coral reef. The cabin top bursts open, the boom falls and smashes the dinghy. A wave washes away the rubber life raft. In one minute water is

chest high in the cabin where Skipper Henry Wise is hanging up life jackets. The crew lifts him out. In a minute and a half Elda is on the bottom, a total loss. The crew is hanging onto the rigging still above water. Rollers are roaring over reef, battering them. No one is badly hurt, but one man is bleeding enough to bring in five sharks. But the sharks are staying away, faintly feeding on bacon from Elda's shattered icebox. After seven hours an Air Force plane spots the wreck and drops life rafts. Two fishing boats come over the reef to pick up the eight men and transfer them to a Coast Guard cutter. All safe, but Elda is gone.

**Aboard Finisterre, Wednesday,
June 20, 7 a.m.**

Finisterre passes the last buoy and sets her heavy-weather spinnaker for final run to the finish line. Only three-quarters of a mile to go. They have come 634 miles and are dead tired but working the sheets like a Star boat.

7:19 a.m.: Finisterre crosses the line at St. David's Head. A loudspeaker tells crowds on shore—some of whom have stayed out all night in the squalls—that Finisterre has won the Bermuda race. None of the boats still out can beat her on handicap. Now over the line, she drops her spinnaker and heads for Hamilton Harbor. The crew still doesn't know they've won, but they find out when a launch from the Royal Bermuda Yacht Club comes alongside in Hamilton. Mitchell is quietly and tiredly the happiest man within a thousand miles. This is the race he's always wanted. And this is his boat Finisterre, built after a lifetime of planning, that did it. She is a perfect boat—sound and tight as when she left Newport. Now she is undisputed champion of the Atlantic racing fleet.

**Aboard Gulf Stream, Wednesday,
June 20, 7 a.m.**

We're at the finish line. Wet, tired, glad to be in. There is a little yawl coming behind us. Looks like Finisterre, but she could hardly be this far even with our 85-mile detour.

7:42 a.m.: We cross the line, drop our sails and go straight into narrow St. George Harbor under diesel power. Flat water feels good. The little yawl behind crosses and rounds up for Hamilton. By God, it was Finisterre. We tie up and stop ashore. The concrete pier seems to heave under us. The race is over, the fastest and roughest since the series began in 1906. A big-boat race all the way, and Finisterre, the winner, is the smallest boat ever to take it. (CNS)



RECORD PASSAGE of 70 hrs. 11 min. was made by Sven Salen's Solera, which logged 239 miles second day. Finisterre, overall winner, had 200.9-mile day, record for Class D. Yawl Gulf Stream last out when faulty compass led her 85 miles west of the finish line.

Road America's big weekend produced bad luck for Briggs

Cunningham, fast action for onlookers and triumph for a

FLYING TEXAN

FOR THOUSANDS of spectators it was a colorful sporting weekend. For Carroll Shelby, the less Texan who affects bibbed overalls, it was a victorious weekend. But for Millionaire Sportsman Briggs Cunningham the Sports Car Club of America's big splash at Elkhart Lake, Wisconsin's fine Road America course was a lost weekend.

Cunningham arrived with four gleaming D Jaguars and great expectations. Walt Hansgen, winner of an important race at Cumberland, Md. in May, all but demolished one of them in practice Friday, flipping on the same long curve where Tom Friedmann was killed in practice for the inaugural races last September.

SATURDAY'S RACES

CLASSES F & G PRODUCTION: 1, C. A. Haas, Porsche 1300, 66.1 mph; 2, R. Balinger, Porsche 1300; 3, P. Bunn, Porsche 1300. Class G-1, W. Woodford, Alfa Romeo Giulietta; 2, S. Lange, Alfa Romeo Giulietta; 3, E. M. Puplidy, Porsche.

CLASSES D & E PRODUCTION: 1, C. Wallace, 300SL, 72.4 mph; 2, P. Van Antwerpen, 300SL; 3, G. Savanna, 300SL. Class E-1, E. Erlanson, A-C Bristol; 2, T. Payne, Arnold-Bristol; 3, B. Soderstrom, Porsche.

CLASSES F & E MODIFIED: 1, J. McAfee, Porsche 550, 77.4 mph; 2, E. Crawford, Porsche 550; 3, J. Kimberley, OCA. Class E-1, E. Lankon, Ferrari Mondial; 2, J. Quacimbrath, Ferrari Mondial; 3, T. Baynton, Maserati.

SUNDAY'S RACES

CLASS C PRODUCTION: 1, B. Henry, Corvette, 73.3 mph; 2, F. Windig, Corvette; 3, W. Larson, Jaguar XK120M.

CLASSES G & H MODIFIED: 1, F. Sdari, Cooper, 71.8 mph; 2, F. Bepista, Lotus; 3, W. Cooper, Cooper-Panella. Class H-1, J. May, Fiber-Sport; 2, H. Behn, Stangorini; 3, A. Orr, Devin-Panhard.

CLASSES C, D & E MODIFIED: 1, C. Shelby, Ferrari, 85.04 mph; 2, L. Brero, D Jaguar; 3, E. Erickson, D Jaguar. Class D-1, P. Stewart, Maserati; 2, W. Lloyd, Maserati; 3, D. Collins, Ferrari Monza. Class B-W. Gray, Alford; 2, T. McGlade, Alford.

When time came for the feature race Sunday—a 152-mile test for the biggest and fastest cars over Road America's twisting, undulating ribbon of asphalt—Cunningham still had three cars but two mildly afflicted drivers. Hansgen had an aching back as the result of his mishap; big Sherwood Johnston, runner-up to Phil Hill in a spirited duel in last year's main event, had a painful knee. He had twisted it severely getting up from the dinner table the night before.

Carroll Shelby hitched up his striped overalls, exchanged a battered, wide-brimmed straw hat for a racing helmet and stroked into the lead with his 4.4-liter Ferrari, hard pressed by Johnston, Lou Brero in another D Jag and Hansgen. Only three seconds separated the lead-footed quartet after 36 miles on the four-mile course when Johnston came to grief. Fighting for control as he swept out of a downhill turn onto a short straightaway, Johnston swerved to avoid a retired car, veered again to bypass a rock pile, smashed head on into a stone fence and flipped end over end.

Hansgen passed Brero and set out after Shelby, but he was worried. What had happened to Johnston? Next time around, Hansgen was so pleasantly surprised to see Johnston up and walking that he misjudged his braking on the corner looming ahead and spun out. That cost him seven places, from second to ninth. Becoming increasingly aware that this was not the Cunningham team's day, Hansgen still doggedly rejoined the chase. He moved resolutely up to fourth place, but after 72 miles, on the right-angle turn at the end of the main straightaway, he "just lost it" and rolled over and out of the race. Briggs Cunningham, in his fourth and last D Jag, was back in the pack, destined to finish a lap behind the leaders.

As the crowd of 30,000 returned its attention to the scrap between Shelby and Brero, it abruptly became no scrap at all. Shelby led Brero by sight sec-

onds when Hansgen crashed. Brero in turn was 52 seconds ahead of Esnie Erickson, the eventual third-place finisher, in still another D Jaguar. Caught in a traffic jam as the go-ahead flag went out for Hansgen's accident, Brero lost time at both ends. After cruising behind a slow car, he was 40 seconds behind Shelby when the go-ahead signal was given and only 15 seconds ahead of Erickson.

Then, near the 100-mile mark, Brero spluttered off the road.

"I thought, 'Louie, you're not going to make it,'" Brero said later. "I tried to straighten her out to hit the hay bales head on, then I ducked down. I went on through the bales and into some tall grass. I couldn't see where I was as I spun around, and I kept wondering where the rocks were. Finally I found the course and got back on it."

By the time Brero had stopped spinning Shelby was 50 seconds ahead and in complete control. From the Shelby pit Luigi Chinetti, Ferrari representative in the U.S., signaled the Texas oilman to slow down, and though Brero thereupon crept up on him, Shelby crossed the line first by a safe five seconds. His time was 1:53:22.74 for an average speed of 80.04 mph.

All in all, it was an exciting, speed-filled weekend—from Carl Haas's narrow-aquatic victory in a Porsche 1300 in the first race on Saturday through Jack McAfee's masterful win in a Porsche Spyder in Saturday's 100-mile feature for Classes F and E modified cars and on to the main event Sunday. There was even a rarely heard protest—in this case that John May's Fiber-Sport, class winner in a preliminary race, had too much engine. The protest was disallowed.

Briggs Cunningham, whose only protest was against fate, was happy that X rays of Johnston and Hansgen revealed no internal injuries. He smiled wryly when asked whether he would be back in September for a six-hour endurance race.

"Sure, we'll be back," he said. "But we may have to use wheelbarrows."

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

2 winners by 4.4, 7.0, Cooper-Cole, 14, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52, 54, 56, 58, 60, 62, 64, 66, 68, 70, 72, 74, 76, 78, 80, 82, 84, 86, 88, 90, 92, 94, 96, 98, 100, 102, 104, 106, 108, 110, 112, 114, 116, 118, 120, 122, 124, 126, 128, 130, 132, 134, 136, 138, 140, 142, 144, 146, 148, 150, 152, 154, 156, 158, 160, 162, 164, 166, 168, 170, 172, 174, 176, 178, 180, 182, 184, 186, 188, 190, 192, 194, 196, 198, 200, 202, 204, 206, 208, 210, 212, 214, 216, 218, 220, 222, 224, 226, 228, 230, 232, 234, 236, 238, 240, 242, 244, 246, 248, 250, 252, 254, 256, 258, 260, 262, 264, 266, 268, 270, 272, 274, 276, 278, 280, 282, 284, 286, 288, 290, 292, 294, 296, 298, 300, 302, 304, 306, 308, 310, 312, 314, 316, 318, 320, 322, 324, 326, 328, 330, 332, 334, 336, 338, 340, 342, 344, 346, 348, 350, 352, 354, 356, 358, 360, 362, 364, 366, 368, 370, 372, 374, 376, 378, 380, 382, 384, 386, 388, 390, 392, 394, 396, 398, 400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412, 414, 416, 418, 420, 422, 424, 426, 428, 430, 432, 434, 436, 438, 440, 442, 444, 446, 448, 450, 452, 454, 456, 458, 460, 462, 464, 466, 468, 470, 472, 474, 476, 478, 480, 482, 484, 486, 488, 490, 492, 494, 496, 498, 500, 502, 504, 506, 508, 510, 512, 514, 516, 518, 520, 522, 524, 526, 528, 530, 532, 534, 536, 538, 540, 542, 544, 546, 548, 550, 552, 554, 556, 558, 560, 562, 564, 566, 568, 570, 572, 574, 576, 578, 580, 582, 584, 586, 588, 590, 592, 594, 596, 598, 600, 602, 604, 606, 608, 610, 612, 614, 616, 618, 620, 622, 624, 626, 628, 630, 632, 634, 636, 638, 640, 642, 644, 646, 648, 650, 652, 654, 656, 658, 660, 662, 664, 666, 668, 670, 672, 674, 676, 678, 680, 682, 684, 686, 688, 690, 692, 694, 696, 698, 700, 702, 704, 706, 708, 710, 712, 714, 716, 718, 720, 722, 724, 726, 728, 730, 732, 734, 736, 738, 740, 742, 744, 746, 748, 750, 752, 754, 756, 758, 760, 762, 764, 766, 768, 770, 772, 774, 776, 778, 780, 782, 784, 786, 788, 790, 792, 794, 796, 798, 800, 802, 804, 806, 808, 810, 812, 814, 816, 818, 820, 822, 824, 826, 828, 830, 832, 834, 836, 838, 840, 842, 844, 846, 848, 850, 852, 854, 856, 858, 860, 862, 864, 866, 868, 870, 872, 874, 876, 878, 880, 882, 884, 886, 888, 890, 892, 894, 896, 898, 900, 902, 904, 906, 908, 910, 912, 914, 916, 918, 920, 922, 924, 926, 928, 930, 932, 934, 936, 938, 940, 942, 944, 946, 948, 950, 952, 954, 956, 958, 960, 962, 964, 966, 968, 970, 972, 974, 976, 978, 980, 982, 984, 986, 988, 990, 992, 994, 996, 998, 1000.

TIP FROM THE TOP



for golfers of
all handicaps

from **SAM SNEAD**, Greenbrier G. & C.C., White Sulphur Springs, W. Va.

Being tense ruins more golf shots for more players than any other thing. When a golfer is all tightened up he doesn't have a chance of swinging correctly at the ball. These unrelaxed golfers figure that the faster they swing the more distance they'll get, and you've seen hundreds of them who go back as fast as they come down. They're the boys who have inspired that popular hustler's slogan: "Give me a man with a fast backswing and a fat wallet."

Rhythm and timing are the most important things in a golf swing. You can't get them—you can't even come close to getting them—unless you're relaxed, and I mean relaxed not only in the arms and hands but throughout the body, especially through the legs. Walter Hagen used to say that as long as he could keep his legs relaxed he didn't worry. The rest would take care of itself. I agree with him 100%. When your legs and ankles are nice and supple, only then will your muscles be able to do the work you want them to do. Only then can you pivot right and get that sense of rhythm that helps you to go back in one piece and to start down from the top with everything moving in close harmony.



A: over the golfer
with tensed legs
cannot pivot



B: over the golfer is necessary
off balance
through the ball



Relaxation leads to the desired action

NEXT WEEK: GRAHAM ROSS ON THE LEFT-HAND GRIP

To Eager Beaver ENGINEERS!



In Aircraft and Missile contracts totaling \$2 billion, Douglas has need for all kinds of engineering talents. Opportunities are waiting in each of our four plants, all located where it's nice to live. Today's the time to write.

Send resume to

**C. C. LuVero, Box 620H
Santa Monica, Calif.**

Mountaineering • New Skating • Skis
Covers & Discoveries • Pal on the Back •
Quack • Sports Cars • Birdwatching •
The 19th Hole • Yesterday • Ski Tip • So

SCOPE

SI has widened my scope of sports events unbelievably, and I feel that I am always "up" on the most recent happenings in the wonderful world of sport. There is something that interests me in each issue of SI, no matter what the season may be.

John Wiper
Ansonia, Oklahoma

Wrestling • Fishing • Basketball • The
Review • Scoreboard • Movies • Pal on
Sling • Baseball • Golf • Swimming •
Sport in Art • Spectacle • Wonderful World
Hiking • Hockey • Tennis • Track • S

In Ohio, ThistleDown spends big to get big, but

Born Mighty's upset victory seems just another

MINOR TRACK WOE

SO ENORMOUS is the scope of American racing that most of us probably tend to forget about the horses and race tracks which are not habitués of the headlines. Rolling along with the tide of public acclaim which is the birthright of the champion, it requires an effort to remember that for every Needles there are thousands of ordinary claimers and platers, and that for every racing plant as popular as Hollywood Park, Arlington and Monmouth there are dozens of small-rent tracks struggling very hard to provide their own group of patrons with the best racing possible.

The State of Ohio serves well as an example of minor league racing. Within one mile of each other, and around 11 miles from downtown Cleveland, there are three race tracks: ThistleDown, Randall and Cranwood. When they are conducting their meetings, as ThistleDown is at the moment, they are within easy driving reach of somewhere between four and five million people, including the populations of Cleveland, Toledo, Akron, Youngstown and Pittsburgh—to say nothing of the proximity of some one million baseball- and football-loving Clevelanders. And yet ThistleDown is not having a good season. At a beautifully modernized track, fully equipped to handle a crowd of 20,000, the weekday attendance has averaged only 5,000 with usually about 12,000 turning out on Saturdays. One theory advanced is that northern Ohioans are simply not horse players. Either a preference for other forms of gambling, or possibly a distrust lingering from another era when all Cleveland racing enjoyed nothing but the most unsavory reputation, has resulted in per capita betting of \$60 at ThistleDown, compared to roughly \$90 in New York and New Jersey.

Maybe the answer might better be found in some casual comments made the other day by ThistleDown Racing Secretary and Handicapper Jim Ross. "Purse distribution," said Ross, "is

the key to success as far as any track is concerned. If a race track can afford to give away good purses, that track will draw a better class of horse. Otherwise the cheaper the horses you have to show, the less attractive your show is to the betting public. It's really as simple as that."

By way of illustrating Jim Ross's explanation, let's make some quick comparisons. At ThistleDown this season the average purse has been about \$1,800. Hollywood Park, just to go to the opposite extreme, had an average purse of \$7,644 per race in 1955. While ThistleDown had a gross purse total of \$732,750 a year ago, Hollywood Park topped every track in the country by distributing \$3,430,385. Other tracks running at the moment, such as Arlington, Belmont, Monmouth and Delaware Park, lure the higher class of horse for the same reason.

The little track does contribute, of

course, to racing as a whole in the sense that in this day of fierce competition the small circuit is the only refuge for the thousands of owners who, for lack of good horses, would otherwise have no place in which to race. But, how to get some national acclaim—even if it's only for one day of the year? "The obvious answer," says ThistleDown General Manager Jack O'Keefe, "is to feature one race per meeting which will attract top-class horses from other parts of the country. We have our Ohio Derby, \$40,000 added for 3-year-olds. It's \$40,000 out of our total stakes allotment of \$90,000, and I know it may sound unfair to the owners of the best horses on the grounds, but with us it's a one-shot deal and we're in the position of having to build our whole meeting around one race."

There is quite an understandable resentment on the part of local horsemen toward the invasion by outside horses, and yet, as Jim Ross phrased it, "the paying public, no matter where, is entitled to see the best if the track can swing it for them. If the horsemen who have been supporting ThistleDown all season are complaining because we bring in better horses to run for our biggest stakes, maybe a few of them are forgetting that every small-time local owner who comes up with a good horse, is perfectly entitled to move out of ThistleDown and on to Chicago, New York or wherever he wants to go, if he thinks he can get

ROYAL HATS AT ASCOT



FAR FROM OHIO. at England's Royal Ascot meeting, the Queen, her sister and mother tilted the elegant crowds with a hat for each of the four days.

a winning share of bigger purses. That's every horseman's privilege."

Horsemen, naturally, depending on what they have in their barn and what they hope they have in their barn, will have varied opinions on whether a track should flood the place with outside horses for the big race of the meeting. I believe this subject came up for voting last winter in Louisiana when a number of good horses were flown over from Miami to New Orleans to win a major stakes victory. At that time there were a few cries to the effect that if a horse was shipped in to one locality, he should be stabled on the grounds for a certain part of that meeting before being allowed to start in a major stakes. At ThistleDown last week one local owner, faced with the prospect of running in the Ohio Derby against such well-known opposition as the Preakness winner, Fabius, Queen's plate winner, Canadian Champ, and C. V. Whitney's Born Mighty, spoke out against what he called, "The wrong system." "Of course," said the man, "I think the best horse should win any race, but a lot of these good horses wouldn't even be coming here unless they were offered a chance to shoot for \$40,000. O.K., say that if the track wants to give away \$40,000, the method is wrong. They should out the Ohio Derby to \$25,000 and use the rest of the money to increase the value of allowance races. I race my stable here because I like to race at home where I can see my horses run. But when you're got to run for \$1,600 allowance races you can hardly break even if you're winning."

As for the mile-and-an-eighth Ohio Derby itself last weekend (a race won, by the way, by Find in 1953 and Traffic Judge last year), the local owners were once again shut out. Fabius, who by now certainly must be the most overworked 8-year-old in the country (11 starts since mid-March), was the overwhelming favorite, but in the driving rainstorm which descended on the track just a few minutes before post time, he could do no better than finish second to another invader from Belmont Park: C. V. Whitney's Born Mighty. Toby B., who had upset Career Boy in the Blue Grass, was third. It was the biggest day for Ohio racing in quite a time, and although it may be premature to say that ThistleDown is on the threshold of promotion to major league status, one \$40,000 stakes a year is a start in the right direction. After all, the big stakes go where the money is, and where the big stakes go the big crowds are sure to follow. (K&K)

● COLUMN OF THE WEEK by GORDON COBBLEDICK

A question: Is Cleveland disinterested in the 1959

Pan-American Games or is it simply another case of

SMALL TOWNITIS?

The writer is sports columnist of the Cleveland Plain Dealer

IT WAS BACK in March 1955 that James A. Rhodes, auditor of the state of Ohio and a skilled politician, threw a display of vote-getting rascaldom at the amateur athletic bigwigs in Mexico City and landed the 1959 Pan-American Games for Cleveland.

This center of culture and learning, upon being apprised of the brilliant coup, said "huh?" and went about its business.

So far as patient research has disclosed, it is still going about its business, oblivious to the fact that 15 months have passed and Cleveland is no nearer readiness for an invasion by the athletes of 20-odd Western Hemisphere nations than it was that day in Old Mexico.

COMMITTEES AND MEETINGS

Committees have been formed and meetings have been held and some tentative plans drawn, but not one measurable bit has been taken toward their realization in wood and concrete and glass and water.

A stadium must be built. Where? The committee has proposed a site of land belonging to the Cooley Farms in Warrensville Heights, and a heavy majority of the members of the City Council have said in one voice, "Over our dead bodies!"

And there the matter rests.

More and more often, as the weeks and months slide by, one hears, "Let's quit kidding ourselves. We're not going to have the Pan-Am Games. We're going to stall around and hold meetings and talk, but someday we're going to have to admit that we're not ready and can't handle the thing."

Which recalls the day in Mexico City when the third quadrennial games were awarded to Cleveland and a disgruntled Los Angeles delegate snorted, "Cleveland! Cleveland wouldn't know how to handle a horsehoe-

pitching tournament. Tell you what: We're going to be ready in Los Angeles, and when Cleveland drops the games, which it will, we'll pick 'em up and put 'em on right."

It's unfortunate, but true, that Cleveland is acquiring a nationwide reputation as a city that can't and won't get things done. It isn't a question of whether or not the city wanted the Pan-Am Games. The basic fact is that it has been awarded them—some say stuck with them—and has accepted them and made certain glowing promises. As a matter of civic pride, if for no other reason, it owes it to itself to get on the ball.

Maybe Jimmy Rhodes assumed too much when he performed the political horse-poker that got the games for the metropolis of his home state. Maybe he should have asked whether or not we wanted them. But if he misjudged Cleveland we endorsed his mistake officially and committed ourselves to a job on which we're now dragging our feet.

ARE GAMES WANTED?

It seems to me the time has come now to ask a question that should have been asked 15 months ago. Do we want the Pan-American Games? And if so are we prepared to do the job of planning and building that is necessary to stage them properly?

If the answers are affirmative, let's get to work. The time is getting short. If the answers are negative, let's broadcast the word so that another city can prepare to be host. A number of others want the Pan-Am Games and will go all-out to stage them as they should be staged.

My own feeling is that they're worth having and worth doing up right, but maybe I'm mistaken. Maybe we're destined to be an overgrown small town all our civic life. (K&K)

THE OUTDOOR WEEK

EDITED BY ED ZERN AND TOM LINEAWEAVER

Based on regular weekly dispatches from 81 bureaus and special correspondents in the U.S., Canada, Mexico and overseas; and on reports from fish and game commissions of the 48 states and Alaska

LAST FLING

NEITHER trout nor angler could long survive without the May fly, that fragile insect which comes to winged adulthood on our streams each spring. To the trout it is bread. To the angler it is an indispensable element in the ritual of his venerable sport. Fly-fishing would be a barren pastime indeed if he couldn't match that hatch of Quill Gordons or Hendricksons with an artfully tied hair-and-feather imitation and draw a rise from some sleek and stream-wise trout. Yet, sometimes the angler must reflect on the seemingly dull and certainly fleeting life of the May fly. For a year or two it lies in its nymphal stage at the bottom of a stream, beetle- or slug-like, with no hint of the metamorphosis to come. But come it does, and in accordance with nature's mysterious timetable the case is shocked and a fly emerges. It bubbles on the water until its young wings are dry. At this stage it is called a disk, and if no marauding trout happens along it flies away to rest in streamside trees. Shortly after, it mates, lays its eggs in the water and, with the species secure for

another generation, dies. Such a tragically short span, the angler may muse, is hardly worth the candle, but he could be wrong. He could look at it from W. H. Canaway's point of view. Mr. Canaway writes in England's venerable *Fishing Gazette*, and for the May fly's sedentary years under water and its frantically enjoyable few hours above it he offers a comforting rationale. "Thus Mr. So-and-So," observes Canaway, "lives a humdrum life as a bank clerk for many years. Suddenly, however, he sees the error of his ways, helps himself to a few hundred thousand, hops off to South America and blues the lot in a few riotous months of private yachts, high-powered actresses and high-octane whiskey. He then cashes in his checks with no regrets and a hot nailed liver. Is it all worth it? Ask any May fly."

THE EAGER ONES

ONTARIO'S uranium rush seems to have levered beavers as well as prospectors. Last week at Silver Mountain four beavers nosed down an old

in trout streams the May fly's life is short but can be fun, no mercy without a stamp in Louisiana, and in Oregon two lads bottle toward degrees

mine shaft, found water at the bottom and staked out a claim. All was well until they realized that going down an 18-foot shaft was simple, going up impossible. Three game wardens from Port Arthur finally retrieved the furry prospectors, none of whom reported a uranium strike.

'A' FOR EFFORT

WHEN federal game agents arrived, Andrew Freeman of Berwick, Louisiana, was standing in his rice field with a shotgun and a dead wild goose but without the federal stamp necessary for legal wildfowling. Explained Freeman when he faced U.S. Commissioner R. H. Carter Jr. in New Orleans: "I took my gun to chase hunters out of the field. Then I saw this crippled goose. I wanted to put it out of its misery, so I sneaked up on it and strangled it."

Commissioner Carter informed Freeman that despite his commendable motives a federal stamp is required even for bare-handed goose hunting, placed him under \$600 bond pending trial.



BOTTLING THE WILD

A new-born antelope kid frolics as Rod Caruth and Jim Youkiss approach it on Drake Flat near Natch, Ore., and Caruth calves the youngster before taking it to their cabin. Both men are graduate students at Oregon State College and are living on the



FINHEIMANN'S
CLASSICAL

W: water clear or only; M: water muddy; N: water at normal height; SH: slightly high; H: high; VH: very high; L: low; E: strong; F: falling; MTS: water temperature 50°; FG: fishing good; PF: fishing fair; PP: fishing poor; OVG: outlook very good; OK: outlook good; UV: outlook less; DTP: no fish seen.

TROUT: MORE MIDDON. Chama and Haden give middon. C, F, some 4HG, Upper Devon C and just right. Ball and Chen stocks E, FF and 4HP well minus value levels.

[illegible]

PENNSYLVANIA: Several local streams. Reached 100 ft. elevation. Primary stream difficult, but waterfalls are typical water table markers 014; for July, usually same. Central state limestone streams N and C with most anglers using grass carp and basses, shiners, Perch, however, stand by. 1X report from Nix. Inleyer 061, coming from 100 ft. of water. Bass and shiners 200 July 1; Allegheny River are same 061.

Hatchling: 51. Two and One-half inches long to head for rainbow and earthworms. East fork of Foxcatch especially nice to fly fishermen. North fork of The river changing today! Varries in 20 hours. On most water 600 or more salmon- and steelhead.

SEE SYSTEMS. Fish swallow air through large gill bridges out of deep water and they are struggling inefficiently on heavy rubber barrels.

SHORELINE: Marshes, Sandbars, Pine Marshes, An Sable, Bayou and Flats. OEG for roosting efforts. All lower peninsula streams N and C as heavy rainbow trout brook drought and natural stream beds. OEG on main branch of Sturgeon as rainbow trout and summer squawrs in Shrop, Kanab, Mendota. FY brook trout in Black River but OEG with higher water.

CATCH: Nine-pound three-ounce brook trout from Foot's Lake in the Chaparral district last week, with 25 other fish from same water averaging four to five pounds. Lake is subject to Muskegon Island backwash to sea of

last best bet is still in North Bay area waters. Tides +4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 84

MONTANA: Streams clearing rapidly with only *Trichostema* and *Gallium* sp. H. and H. 31 observed, trapping lost fly larvae in pools with head up and waiting for another insect to pass. In a *Trichostema* stream, however, H. could

WYCKEELANDGE, contains 990 July 1, with personal legal 990.7, covered page 14 to 24 inches. Known to have been written by W. T. ...

FISH BOX

Among last week's notable catches: by Pablo Libero of Hialeah, a 790-pound BLUE MARLIN, the second such fish recognized from Pacific waters and just confirmed by IGFA as a new world record; a 40-pound STRIPED BASS by Chris Gualick of San Francisco, surf casting at Baker's Beach; by Jack Toughey of Chicago, a 22-pound FISHBUT of Islamorada in the Florida Keys after a 25-minute battle on spinning tackle; and 10-pounder tent line; in the Gulf of Mexico 50 miles below the mouth of the Mississippi, a 48-pound WHITE MARLIN catch for John Laursen and Paul Kalman of New Orleans; for K. R. Mikals of Seattle, a 535-pound KING SALMON, reeled off midway out of Noah Bay.

mg/L KMnO₄ for oxygen use). Nitrogen sulfate levels sharply in steady water as well as temperature because they were

8,000,000. Hard rain throughout state turned water last week and OH. In Mayagres area Frank J. Slaughter of Whiting, Ind., submitted a 26-pound out of 47-pound Mayaguez River catfish to the OH. Black River and Morro, Ohio, not usually considered top muskie water, now raising handsome catches.

BLUEFISH: massive Gulf Coast bluebelly best in rhymed between Dog Island and St. George Island off Pensacola.

SOUTH CAROLINA. Bulletin of Shagreen Fishes being taken in Deep Coastal waters. Kirby Hyde and Warren Fisher, vol. 0000.

NES aDASH Hotline is handling reports of persons reported lost week from Barnegat Island through Manatee Park. Callers on 24 hrs. were taken on foot and the lost, with some blame to four people: DVC. Trainers seeing heavily 18 to 12 miles off Harvey Cedars and south to below Atlantic City; DVC through July 18.

ATLANTIC SALMON: SALMON. Threemasters plus big ones in all waters. Last season, lot in Herring River. Took catch so far is 75 fish, and 4000.

note worthy: Provincial rivers yielded 200 fish last week. All are N, and 60% are Margaree, usually the latest stream to produce, now doing excellent.

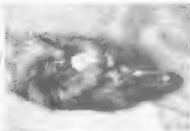
STRIPED BASS, MORONE SAXATILIS. Most recent brood of weak spawned by Cuttyhunk Charter School, 1990. The young fish, mostly 1-year-olds, began to strike, gradually a puff, reached over the side, batted at a 25-pounder; DU at famous Cuttyhunk with West Islanders enjoying violent action any day. Cape Cod Canal still interesting on early morning tides, with fish averaging 1.5 to 25 pounds; PG and MH at most north shore beaches. One pilot report many struck in Cape Cod Bay and Sagadahoc River, but none of 111 caught and bays never seen. All had red and pink sides, and an occasional young fish had a mottled, 4-inch record of 13 pounds, hatched since 1912.

NEW DESIGN: Kousner Shashy offers still running up-high seats of 44- to 49-inch-tall and favorite face is still 20-inch-long jumble of junk constructed of feathers, socks, hats, skirts and strips of various type baits, but check local experts for detailed construction plan: www.kousner.com

CHERRY GLEN, Md. (AP) — William H. Hays of Providence last week took a 20-page manuscript last month of Jeremiah

CLIMATE: Brickbirds kept their Comoros near shore except in southeast haze, but local agent arrives weather is a sobering and OIL. Staff dining at Baker's Beach, production, with 2002 team.

ROCKFISH: *Microgadomus*. Keep fish alive with intent as essential activity is at peak. Can tolerate 100°F. Feed 5% of body weight. May be housed in 50-gal aquarium tanks and fed through airline during two-day excursion and released. Host one *Yersinia enterocolitica* infection. Wisconsin Fishing Association will stage the first bonafide tournament July 6 and 7 at Milwaukee. Transport laws guide. Dick Williams, state net-capture boat competition, announced 16 participants to be registered. In spite of battles with the U.S. Coast Guard, the Coast Guard has announced no further action through the summer. Capt. W. J. Lyons, St. Ignace, Mich.



harem fads while working toward a master's degree in wildlife management. Their major study is on the survival of anole lizards, but they have acquired in addition to 10 kids a baby porcupine and several macaws. All must be bottle-fed, the porcupine

(above) is a do-it-yourself devotee, and when the men aren't roaring the flares, they spend hours milking a pair of hairy goats and tenderly administering to juvenile wildlife needs. Above, right, two elephants get their share of "mother love" and milk.

In his first Garden main-event appearance, an exciting middleweight wins his 22nd straight victory, a TKO for

SLUGGER CALHOUN

THE REV. WILLIE M. CALHOUN, pastor of the West Oakland Baptist Church, Atlanta, sat at Madison Square Garden ringside a few nights ago and for the first time saw his son, Herman, fight. In the course of his New York stay the Rev. Calhoun heard a number of disturbing things that people are saying about his son—that he is, for instance, "vicious" and a "killer."

These are characterizations to upset any father, especially one who wears the collar. They are, fortunately, true. Herman, whose ring name is Rory Calhoun, is a vicious killer of a middleweight who may one day be a champion beloved of all the people for these fine qualities. Outside the ring he is a gentle lover of Mozart and Beethoven as interpreted by Toscanini (pronounced Tiskarini). He lives at the YMCA and is taking correspondence courses to improve his mind, but his mind is doing nicely anyhow. Rory can't stomach Mantovani or progressive jazz.

At 25, Rory has had 22 fights and has won them all, 12 by knockouts. Since this is not only the year but the era of the slugger, in boxing as in baseball, Slugger Calhoun would seem to have a bright future. The basic requirements are there.

Some of the refinements are missing, as he made clear when he fought the experienced Willie Vaughn at the Garden while his clergyman father looked on. Vaughn is a fairly clever boxer, a puncher of some ability and a fellow who can take a punch too—up to a point. A Californian who has had manager trouble, Vaughn had been out of action for 11 months when he had the ill luck to encounter Rory. He had won perhaps three of the first seven rounds when, in the eighth, Calhoun put him down with a right to the jaw for a count of nine. He took four more rights before going down again for eight, after which a succession of rights so staggered him that Referee Ruby Goldstein called off the fight. A left hook

had knocked him down in the third.

The fight made it clear that long layoffs are bad for boxers like Vaughn, who depend so much on sharpness, and that Rory Calhoun, given a year or so more of tutoring by his trainer, Charlie Goldman, is any man's threat. He has weaknesses. He knows little of boxing and is especially vulnerable to the left hook but, on the other hand, he can take a hook and come back. And, Lord, he can throw a punch. His right



WINNER of more than half his bouts by knockouts, Rory Calhoun has done it again.

seems to come from outer space and, you would think, might very easily be ducked. But it lands like a meteorite. His left is shorter and sweeter, probably will be much more efficient in the long run. It is his punching ability that has made Calhoun. As Goldman has said, and it is so very true, "A feller with a punch has a short cut to a win."

Frank and Al Bachman, the father and son who manage Rory, believe their charge is "at least a year away from the championship," but at the same time Frank Bachman was talking after the Vaughn fight of matching Rory against none other than Gene Fullmer, the No. 2 man among the middleweights. This seemed strange, since Rory is unranked, and Bachman believes he cannot hope to be a finished

performer until he has had some 20 more fights.

"But," Bachman explained, "Fullmer's style is just made for Rory. Gene keeps swarming in." It seems likely, however, that Rory must meet lesser fighters before taking on Fullmer. Then, someday perhaps, Champion Sugar Ray Robinson.

Rory came out of the Police Athletic League, which in New York works with youngsters who might otherwise get into trouble. On the recommendation of Sergeant Joe Dickens, in charge of PAL's boxing division, he was accepted for development by the Bachmans.

That was a compliment to the Bachmans, for the cops of the PAL do not like to undo boxing's good work by turning over their amateurs to any but the most reliable managers. If, from time to time, this space has suggested that a few managers are soulless trolls who fit fights and rob fighters, nothing on that score could apply to the Bachmans. Frank has had some 30 years as a manager of champions like Maxie Rosenbloom, Lew Jenkins and Bob Qlin. With his son, bespectacled Al, he operates a printing business, the Bachman Reproduction Service. Al, who wanted to be "a botanist like Luther Burbank," was forced to leave the University of Idaho forestry school because of poor eyesight. He became a YMCA boxing instructor and eventually, with his father, a professional manager.

Rory likes to fight. The first time Al saw him he started instructing him in the art of punching the bag.

"Why don't you and I get in the ring instead?" Rory suggested.

Al boxed with him only once.

"He's too strong," Al says. "As a matter of fact, Rory wants to kill you in the gym."

This is a trait that delights Charlie Goldman, who has seen what this win-win desire did for Rocky Marciano. Rory, indeed, fights very like an untroubled Marciano. He is a wild swinger when excited. There were moments during the Vaughn fight when he might have finished off his man had he but cooly taken time. Only experience will teach him to do that.

Under Goldman Rory has improved his left hand and his lightning. He has a splendid jab when he uses it.

"He is better than Rocky was when I first saw him," Goldman says, "and Rocky was four years older than he. He is young and he wants to learn."

He is also a vicious killer. In the ring, that is. Otherwise as nice a boy as any minor would want to have for a son. (KNE)

THE BIGGEST BATTLE

continued from page 2

half a dozen yards in 1:47.6. Horace Ashenfelter, surprise victor over his foreign foe in the 3,000-meter steeplechase at Helsinki, appeared ready to go after it again with a front-running time of 9:04.1, some nine seconds better than the record set by Harold Manning way back in 1934. And Courtney ran down Jenkins with a tremendous stretch drive which took a 10th of a second off one of the best AAU records in the books, the 45.9 turned in by Herb McKenzie in 1948.

There were the surprises too. Baker and Standafield proved that Morrow would have no easy time in the 200 meters by running one-two in 20.6 and equalling the American record around a turn. And not the least surprise was in the one event on the program which served as a final Olympic tryout, the 16,000-meter run. USC's chunky little sophomore, Max Truex, once noted for having set the national intercollegiate mile record but in recent weeks noted chiefly for his inability to even finish a race, came through with a blazing kick to speed away from the field. The other two to make the plane were Dick Hart, the defending champion, and Gordon McKenzie, veteran of the New York Pioneer Club. But, as in the 1,200 meters (won by another surprise named

Jacques Walters in 2:03.4 over Fred Dwyer, America's 4:00.8 miler) and in the 5,000 meters (Hart, 14:47.4), the time turned in by Truex (30:32.9) was hardly startling by international standards. Asked where they thought Dave Stephens, the Australian six-mile record holder, would have been at the finish of Friday night's race, the visiting Aussie press corps merely smiled in unison and answered, "Home in bed and asleep."

TRAGIC MOMENTS

There were almost as many surprises as new records. In addition to Calhoun and Bentum and Walters and Truex, Ron Drummond beat both Gordien and O'Brien with his dozen three of 180 feet 3 inches and tacked the AAU title to the NCAA championship he won a week before; Ernie Shelby went almost a foot past his previous best when he broad-jumped 28 feet 1 1/2 inches while Greg Bell, the recent NCAA champion as well as defending AAU tripleder, could salvage only a tie for third.

And, as everyone had known there would be, there were the tragic moments too. None, for one, sitting on the sidelines and watching others run. Linda Hermigra, for another—the 1952

Olympic 100-meter champion trailed Morrow when the young Texan ran his world-record-equaling heat, and then failed altogether to qualify for the Olympic Trials, although he did slip in later in the 200 meters. And Jim Golliday, who didn't make it in either one, in fact didn't even bother to try for the 200 meters after running a miserable sixth and last in the first heat of the 100 semifinals; Jim Golliday, one of the finest sprinters of all time who shares the world record of 9.3 for 100 yards and, because of an injured leg muscle much like the one he has had all year, failed in the same way to qualify back in 1952. Now he will probably never make it, and his bad luck saddens all track fans.

In fact if there was anything disappointing about the entire show, it centered around the 400 and 800 meters—and how can you be disappointed over times like 45.9 and 1:47.6. But everyone was a little unhappy that the world's three ranking 400-meter men, Jones, Lea and Mauburn, decided to pass up their event at Hakenfeld because they had already qualified in an earlier meet.

But probably they were concerned only with getting a little rest before heading for the Coliseum. As the queen told Alice, to really get somewhere there, they are going to have to run at least twice as fast as that. **CLB:RO**

BIOPERSE: Bobby Morrow

BOBBY JOE MORROW (see cover) is a 20-year-old farm boy from south Texas who would rather drive a chugging tractor across a cotton field than roar down the highways in a high-powered car. Yet in the world of sport the name of Morrow is synonymous with speed. On any given day, at any distance from 0 to 220 yards, he is the equal of any sprinter in the world. Before the Olympic year 1956 is over he may be ranked as the best.

Morrow was born in the Rio Grande valley town of Harlingen on October 15, 1935 and grew up on a cotton and cereal farm just outside neighboring San Benito. As a 16-year-old sophomore in San Benito High School he ran the 100-yard dash in 9.3 seconds. The next year he ran 2.7 and won at the state meet. The next year he ran 9.6 and won both the state 100 and 220. As a freshman at Abilene Christian College, Morrow ran the 100 in 9.4,

one-tenth of a second off the world record, and once, with a following wind, covered the distance in 9.1 (which couldn't be recognized as a record but gave him a share of the honor, along with Mel Patton, of having moved over the ground on his own two feet faster than anyone had ever gone before). This spring, as a college sophomore, he equaled the world 100-meter record of 10.2 seconds. Since his junior year in high school, Bobby has lost only two races.

In action, Morrow runs with tremendous power but keeps it under such smooth control that he appears to glide down the track. He is tall (6 feet 1 1/2 inches) and beautifully muscled but slender (165 pounds) with white teeth which easily flash in a sun-darkened face. Off the track he wears glasses and appears almost studious. He is married (to his high school sweetheart, brunette Jo Ann Strickland) and

hopes his wife will go to Australia to see him run in the Olympics. Despite his physical education major, he plans to farm rather than coach upon graduation. He believes now, despite his love of running, that he will never compete again once out of college.

ACC Coach Oliver Jackson, however, says that if Morrow is drafted for two years in 1958 he almost certainly will continue to run in service competition and be ready for the 1960 Olympics as well. Jackson also believes that if this happens Morrow will become the greatest sprinter the world has ever seen. "He loves to work, and once his starting faults were corrected there wasn't much else I could do—except sit back and enjoy myself." Both coach and runner believe Morrow's best race is the 220 and one day soon he should run it well under 20 seconds flat. "We really have no idea," says Jackson, "how fast that boy can actually run."

THE NEW GIBSON GIRL

continued from page 29

could do against first-class players as well as build up her reputation. That was the time they gave us the proposed list of tournaments and the people to approach."

Early that season, Charles Hare, former British tennis star who now was a member of the Wilson Sporting Goods Company's tennis department, wrote from Chicago to suggest that an effort be made to enter Althea in the National clay court championships at Chicago's River Forest Club. He wrote that he had already spoken to several officials and that they were favorably disposed to the idea.

That was the first successful step, and it came easily. Althea received an entry, played, and reached the quarter finals, in which she lost to Doris Hart 2-6, 3-8. The next big step was to enter her in the Eastern grass court championships at Orange, N.J., possibly the second tournament to the Nationals in importance.

Being accepted into the Eastern grass court championships was such a happy event for Negro tennis followers that Francis wrote to James B. Dickey, first vice-president of the Eastern Lawn Tennis Association, to express the appreciation of himself and the people of his race.

"In these days of racial and religious restrictions," wrote Francis, "it is very difficult to get people to think in terms of fairness, much more to act fairly, and your outstanding contribution of justice and fairness, your unafraid declaration that merit be recognized as one of the important qualifications for an opportunity to play in your tournament, inspires us with the belief in the doctrine of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man."

"Believe me when I say that members of my racial group, and of all groups who believe in fair play, will be everlastingly grateful to you and your colleagues who thought as you did and who by their actions have attended to the fact that tennis is a game for ladies and gentlemen, and of ladies and gentlemen."

All that spring, while negotiations to get her into the Nationals were under way, Althea practiced with Sarah Folley Cooke—now Mrs. Darrig—to polish up her game.

"It became apparent early," Mrs. Darrig recalls today, "that Althea's height and big service could be a great asset in women's tennis if she could develop a good following volley. Her ground strokes were erratic, but with the tournament season almost at hand

there was no sense in her trying to change them at this stage.

"She had never played on grass courts before, and the most important summer tournaments, including of course the National championships, are played on grass. We felt it was important for her to get some practice on this surface. I telephoned a friend of mine, Mr. Ralph Gatzcomb, who was president of the West Side Tennis Club at the time, explained our problem and asked him if it would be all right for me to bring Althea Gibson to the club for practice on grass. He didn't hesitate a moment. He said, 'Of course, bring her along. We'd be happy to have her.'"

"Two days later Althea and I, carrying our bags and rackets, took the subway from Lexington Avenue and 63rd Street and arrived at Forest Hills in 20 minutes. On that hot July afternoon we practiced for almost two hours, and Althea had her first taste of playing on a real 'lawn' tennis court. Actually her style of tennis was ideally suited to grass. With a big serve, good volley and smash, her unusually ground strokes were not so vulnerable as on clay. Her natural timing and big, catlike strides were useful for the faster pace of a grass court. Being tall, she did have trouble bending down for the low bounces. But it was an impressive workout."

BIOPERSE: Althea Gibson

Althea Gibson was born August 25, 1927 in the tiny town of Sikeston, S.C. (pop. 50). A big and active baby (8 pounds plus), she grew into a gangling girl in New York's housing (Haitian district, where her family moved when she was 3. Her father is a garage mechanic; Althea and her three sisters and brother lived in a walk-up tenement on 113rd Street, and Harlem's play streets were the only recreational area they knew. There she learned basketball, her favorite game, and paddle tennis, at which she excelled. It was while she was still at P.S. 126 that her skill at this rudimentary form of tennis, paired with wooden paddles and a rubber ball, caught the eye of Buddy Walker, a bartender and P.A. supervisor. He gave her a tennis racket, she accepted with misgivings, taught her to practice shots against a handball wall and arranged for her to join Barker's Cosmopolitan Club. Here she learned the finer points of the game. When she was 16 she entered—and won—her first tournament, the New York State Championship of the Negro American Tennis Association. Seven years later,

as the perennial champion of Negro women's tennis, she made history by receiving an entry blank to the U.S. National grass court championships at Forest Hills.

Meanwhile—though she still denied it—tennis had become her life. It won her a scholarship at Florida A&M, where she graduated with top honors in 1954, having improved in health and physical education. It was her a job as physical education teacher at Lincoln University in Jefferson City, Mo. It was her, last year, an international tour under State Department sponsorship, the turning point in her tennis career where she finally found herself and fulfilled the promise of her talent.

Sty, intense, grimly determined on the court, Althea is a warm personality to her friends. Her interests outside tennis are few: for relaxation she reads popular novels, goes to the movies. She neither drinks nor smokes, eats sparingly (after tournaments usually an cookie), sleeps consistently in her old friend Buddy Walker's rightshole. Her future? "Tennis," she says. "I just want to play tennis, and more tennis."

A JARRING NOTE

Althea reached the second round in the Eastern, losing to Helen F. Pores 1-6, 1-6. She defeated Virginia Rice Johnson in the first round 6-1, 6-3. She then was sent an entry blank for the Nationals. It was filled out and accepted, and the breaking of the color line in tennis had become official.

Only once during the quiet negotiations that brought Althea to Forest Hills was there a jarring note. A request for an entry to the New Jersey state championships was ignored. This too was handled quietly, except for a letter from the ATA to that tournament's officials, which read in part:

"We are somewhat surprised at the lack of common decency you have shown by not answering us. Whatever decision reached, or action taken by your body, can never be justified by your premeditation, evasion and absolute discourtesy to us in not answering."

"You have exhibited the very thing that you apparently seemed to be afraid of in other people, snobbishness, prejudice and bad judgement, an un-



American spirit that should not find its way in any respectable sport, particularly tennis, a game of ladies and gentlemen."

Curiously, the USLTA failed to appreciate the importance of Miss Gibson's first appearance in the Nationals on August 28, 1940. She and her first-round opponent, Barbara Knapp of England, were assigned to an outside court. Only a handful of spectators could watch the match which was played on court 14 and won by Althea 6-2, 6-3, though many tried.

When the second-round draw sent Althea against Louise Brough, the match was scheduled for the grandstand courts just outside the stadium. Nearly 2,500 spectators jammed the stands, and the Pinkertons had to close the gates.

David Eisenhower, *New York Journal-American* sportswriter then covering tennis, was an early fan of Althea. He remembers that match vividly. "I have sat in on many dramatic moments in sports," he recalls, "but few were more

thrilling than Miss Gibson's performance against Miss Brough. Not because great tennis was played. It wasn't. But because of the great try by this lonely, and nervous, colored girl, and because of the manner in which the elements robbed her of her great triumph.

"Miss Gibson was terribly nervous when the match began, so that Miss Brough easily won the first set 6-1. But Althea settled down in the second set. Rarely since Alice Marble's championship reign has a woman shown so much stroking power as she did, especially with her forehand. She won the second set 6-3, and the match was squared.

"Miss Brough won the first three games of the final set. Again Althea rallied, cracking Louise's service three times as she pulled ahead to a 7-6 lead while the skies became menacingly black, almost as dark as the night, with only lightning lighting up the clouds.

"The great Californian, the winner of Wimbledon and National championships, was to serve. But she was obvi-

ously very tired. The courage and the power of this unknown colored girl had robbed Louise of her poise. Everyone in the stands sensed that a fabulous upset was in the making.

"But it never came about. Ten minutes of thunder and lightning finally delivered the deluge. It poured, and the match ended as players, officials and spectators scurried to cover under the stands.

"The match was over until the next day, but not the tension for Althea Gibson. Now the press descended upon her in the marquee. It was a trying session for Miss Gibson, one made much more difficult by several members of her own race who decided to make themselves her personal protectors. One was a young man whom Althea later said she never had met before, another an unknown woman. Both tried to keep the press from talking with Althea, and bitter words were exchanged.

"The postmatch incident left Althea in a state of near shock. The realization of how close she had come to beating the famous Louise Brough assured her of a sleepless night. The resumption of the match the next day was anticlimactic. Miss Brough had regained her strength and her poise. She won three straight games to run out the set, and the match, 6-1, 3-6, 8-2."

Whether or not Althea Gibson would have beaten Louise Brough that dark afternoon had the rain not come will never be known. But observers of the match could see that she was destined for a great future. Althea did not give up without a fight the next day. After Miss Brough won the 14th game, Althea fought back in a game which was deuced six times before she finally lost it. The match ended when Miss Brough held her service.

Now, six years later, she has arrived, after the lonely years, the often frightened years, the frustrating years in which it seemed she could not deliver on the promise of that first great performance. She has come through just when many observers, and even Althea herself, were ready to give up hope because she tended to become upset by too many trifles. But she has confidence now, as well as courage. Whatever happens, Althea Gibson has won her own personal battle.

And in one respect she has already delivered to her public, too. She has brought an electrifying quality back to tennis which has been sorely missing in recent years. Win or lose, with Althea on the court this is a very special Wimbledon.

END

THE PIKES PEAK BOYS

continued from page 41

"Pick up the grease rag, Bobby!"

Young Louis got the rag and the family pitched in and did a last job of reconnection on an Oldsmobile that Bobby had used to win the Southwestern stock car championship. It looked like a race car after they got a body on it, but it was an Olds under the hood.

In the race, with the toughest third of the grind still to go, Louis' brake handle came off in his hand, and Jerry, who did drive an Offenhauser, ran into transmission trouble. Not everything went well for Uncle Louis either (he had carburetor trouble before, during and after the race). And, worst of all from his standpoint, he finished 11th. This year Uncle Louis is determined to prove that what happened was a mistake, and Dad and the boys are out to convince him that indeed it was a mistake—his.

"We hear Louis will be driving the Offenhauser that Jerry Jr. won fourth place with last year," says Dad. "So Jerry's negotiating for the same Meyer-Drake that Uncle Louis drove, just to show him it wasn't the car."

It might be that Uncle Louis is getting just a bit old. He and Dad and another brother Joe were among the earliest automobile men in the Southwest. All three were asked to teach the Colorado City police force to ride motorcycles. They didn't learn until it was too late why the Colorado police felt they needed lessons: to chase those crazy Unser kids.

Joe was killed early in his racing career on a Colorado highway while test-running a Coleman race car. "All three of us were getting ready for Indianapolis," Dad Unser recalls. "But after Joe's accident the Coleman Frost Drive Company withdrew its sponsorship. I never did get to the race at Indianapolis. In fact I've never even seen Indianapolis."

Dad did see plenty of other places though. For a while he toured the countryside as a pilot with a barnstormer named Clevenger. He finally lost his license because he couldn't resist stunting. Later he lost his mechanic's license too when he was caught sipping up an engine before a race. He still can't see the sense of flying in races if there's a limit on engine speeds. He turned from flying back to a hard-core routine of crashing and turning over cars for the movies.

Dad's first great feat in a car came in 1934 when, married only a year before and his wife expecting a baby, he decided to go after the \$5,000 cash the American Gyro Company was offering to anyone who would make the round trip between Denver and Los Angeles in 48 hours.

He set off in the middle of winter. To make sure that he took no shortcuts, he had to stop and wire from the Western Union office in every town on the route. In Los Angeles he had trouble with his Graham-8 engine, and he was already late on the return trip when he reached Utah. Three policemen, forewarned, were awaiting him. They told him he would have to obey the speed laws or be thrown in jail.

"I drove across Utah at 60 miles an hour, mad as hops, with the state troopers right behind me," Dad Unser tells it. "At the Wyoming border, I hit a blinding snowstorm. I could hardly see my radiator cap. Just the same I floor-boarded the accelerator and crossed Wyoming at 120 miles an hour. My biggest job was keeping my co-driver from jumping out of the car. He wound up the trip with a nervous breakdown, but we got into Denver at the end of 47 hours and 43 minutes."

The twins were born shortly afterward. Mrs. Unser, the former Mary Kramer, is a quiet, unassuming woman

who long ago resigned herself to the fact that being married to a racing man is not the most normal way of life. The Unses spent most of their courtship in a garage, talking late into the night, while Jerry Sr. worked on his race car. And it has been that way with the children, who have lived racing literally since childhood.

FORM IN THEIR PAST

The boys got their first car, a Model A Ford, when the twins were 11 and Bobby 10. Dad Unser made one rule: they couldn't drive on the highways. They practiced instead along an old burro trail cut up by arroyos that ran out on the west mesa.

Anyone would have said that the kids were too young to be driving at all. But Dad Unser, who was 8 years old when he began, knew they were ready. Bobby, in terms of experience, was a veteran, Al not yet 15, when he made his debut at Albuquerque's Comit Speedway in an old Cadillac that looked like a hearse. But soon Bobby was cleaning up as much as \$800 a night in prize money and set an all-time local record by winning eight main events eight weeks in a row.

When he was only 17, Bobby entered one of the first Mexican road races with his father. He was leading the entire field in a Mark VII Jaguar on the second day out, and might have held the lead into Juarez if it hadn't been for a freak crackup at Atlixco.

A flagman had been placed at a detour in the town to warn the drivers that, around a certain bend, they'd be heading straight for a solid brick wall unless they made a quick, sharp turn. When the car roared into town without a muffler, the noise vibrating down the narrow streets must have sounded like an earthquake to the flagman. At any rate, he was last seen tossing his flag into the air and taking off like a scared rabbit as the cars approached. Bobby had no warning when



he was suddenly face-to-face with that brick wall. Bobby saved the car by broadsiding in a split second so that he hit the wall sideways instead of head-on. That put the Jag out of the race for good. But, aside from a bump on the head, neither father nor son was hurt.

Jerry Jr. had his start at Cornin too. He was 15 in his first race when some of the old hands started "chopping" him. Jerry met the challenge in what, as it developed later, was typical fashion. He put his foot on the gas and gave not an inch. Nobody has fooled with him since.

TWO ROLES, ONE CAST

When he went to Hawaii while in the Navy Jerry's courage made him something of a local legend. Race fans found out he had driven half a dozen conservative races with a broken arm. He would slit his cast, slip it off, go AWOL from the Navy hospital, quietly slip back after each race and coat the cast with a fresh layer of plaster, making sure it was this enough to slit easily the next time. The amazing thing about the performance is that he was consistent. When Jerry announced his engagement to a Hawaiian girl, the islanders declared a Jerry Unser Day, and Honolulu sports fans chipped in enough to fly his parents out for the wedding.

Today, headquarters for the Unsers is Dad's spacious Albuquerque garage, whose front door opens on Route 66. A sign over the building reads "Foreign Car Specialist." Inside, every shining thing is meticulously in place. The garage floor is as spotless as any kitchen, kept that way by Unser's constant nagging. On any given night, the odds are that the lights will be on while Dad helps Bobby work on the engine of his Jaguar sprint car to which, by a secret Unser recipe, they're busy adding another 50 to 100 horsepower in preparation for this year's Pikes Peak.

Jerry Jr. is back in Hawaii selling

automobiles while his wife finishes her last year at the University of Hawaii. They'll be back in time for one climb. Louis lives on the other side of town. But Bobby lives right across the highway. He's a mechanic with the Air Force, stationed at Sandia Special Weapons Base.

They'll usually work until Bobby's pretty wife, Barbara, sticks her head through the door to remind them it's getting late. As often as not, a fourth Unser boy, 17-year-old Al, will be on hand working as hard as anyone. Al is also an accomplished chauffeur and mechanic. A husky boy who looks older than his years, he is acutely aware that his three older brothers, by the time they had reached his age, had already acquired a ten-gallon-hatful of prize money and a living-economical of trophies in competitive racing. But under present regulations Al is underage. Dad Unser has had some difficulty convincing Bobby, Louis and Jerry Jr. that they mustn't forge Al a phony birth certificate.

Dad Unser is in no way a domineering father who craves success in his young, talented offspring. "I don't make them feel they have to be first, only that they do their best. Racing is a great sport, and it should be participated in greatly." He does commandeer prize money when the Unser boys win it—which they do frequently. Dad officially owns and enters all the cars the boys drive. This preserves the boys' amateur status. The money goes into a car-expense kitty. But since the Unsers build all their own cars from the ground up, there is never enough money to cover expenses, a fact which makes car racing a costly hobby for the Unsers.

At Pikes Peak time Unser customers have gotten used to the fact that the garage will be closed a month or longer. This is when the Unsers go into training. The family takes a house outside of Colorado Springs and, except when

a car needs working on, at which time they might not quit work until midnight, everybody is in bed by 9 o'clock. Reveille is at 4:30 a.m., and there is absolutely no social life. Last year both Louis' and Bobby's wives were pregnant. They didn't take to elocasting happily at first but, like a Mrs. Unser before them, they soon became as excited about the race as the boys themselves.

Before the race Dad Unser is a worrier and therefore a stickler about conditioning. "The Pikes Peak race," he says, "is in a class by itself. A driver simply has to know every foot of that treacherous course, just as I've come to know it over the years. Just as my brother Louis knows it."

He keeps talks on the boys with a stop watch. As race time approaches, he rides herd on the boys, coaching them over every mile of the road, scolding them around every twist and turn.

CHEWED TO PERFECTION

"My kids learned long ago how to take a chewing out gracefully," Dad says. "When anyone asks me how come my kids make so few mistakes, I tell them, 'If you'd been chewed out as often as they had, you wouldn't make many mistakes either.' The kids don't mind. They know I'm not stingy with my praise either."

This year? "I wouldn't be a bit surprised," Dad said not long ago, "if the first man up The Hill turns out to be Bobby Unser—in his own Jag this time. In 13 minutes maybe."

"Emphasis on the maybe," says Bobby, who is not a loquacious type.

"I won't predict what place Jerry will take with the Meyer-Drake," Dad says, "but I'll tell you one thing: when he crosses the finish line, Uncle Louis' Office will still be somewhere out of sight."

Neither Dad nor Bobby said "maybe" this time. (E.M.B.)



SPORTS OF THE PRESIDENTS: FIRST OF A SERIES



VIRGINIA'S FINEST HORSEMAN

George Washington, an enthusiastic fox hunter, was the first of a long line of sports-loving U.S. Presidents

by JOHN DURANT

Washington, always superbly mounted, in fine sporting costume of blue coat, scarlet waistcoat, buckskin breeches, velvet cap, and whip with long thong, took the field at day's dawn, with his hussars Will Lee, his friends and neighbors. . . . He rode, as he did everything, with ease, elegance and with power . . . and ridiculed the idea of its being even possible that he should be unseated, providing that the animal kept on his legs. . . . The General usually rode, in the chase, a horse called Blankie, of a dark, iron grey color. . . .

THUS WROTE Washington's stepgrandson, George W. Parke Custis, of the Father of our Country—an ardent and superb horseman and the first of a long line of U.S. Presidents who have been avid sportsmen. Washington's interest in sports started many years before he distinguished himself in the Revolution. In 1769, at the age of 26, he married Martha Custis, a wealthy young widow, and settled on his Mount Vernon plantation to enjoy the leisurely life of a Tidewater sportsman-planter. Mount Vernon before and after the Revolution was the most popular rendezvous of the aristocratic fox-hunting set of Virginia and Maryland. During the season (November to March) the great house on the banks of the Potomac was crowded with guests, and Washington spent whatever time he could spare riding to hounds.

It was the custom to hunt three times a week. The guests were roused from their beds before daylight by Negro servants, and breakfast was served by candlelight (cornucopia and milk for

Washington because of his bad teeth). The hunt began at dawn and lasted for hours, sometimes until 3 o'clock when dinner was served at the main house.

Describing the hunt, Custis reported: "There were roads cut through the woods in various directions, by which the aged or timid hunters, and ladies, could enjoy the exhilarating cry, without risk of life or limb, but Washington rode gaily up to his hounds, through all the difficulties and dangers of the grounds on which he hunted . . . always in at the death, and yielding to no man the honor of the brush. . . ."

Many of Washington's hunts were also impromptu affairs. Often he would ride out alone on an inspection tour of his lands in company with his hounds (Sweetlips, Juno,

Trueman, Musick, Duchess were the names of some of them) and take up the chase if a fox was scented. On these solitary hunts, more often than not, the fox would escape.

Washington was the most enthusiastic fox hunter of his day and devoted more time to the sport than any President who succeeded him. His journals show that in his most active year (1768) he took the field 48 times and killed 18 foxes, once hunting five days at a stretch and once 18 times in two months. From his first recorded hunt on January 1, 1768 until the Revolution called him in 1776, he followed the hounds 178 times and was in at more than 65 kills.

It was the tree-climbing gray fox of the South that Washington hunted, not the more wily and longer-running



WASHINGTON IN HIS JAMMER AT 18



THE YOUNG SQUIRE OF MOUNT VERNON ENCOUNTERS ONE OF HIS NEIGHBORS, LORD THOMAS FAIRFAX, INVITES HIM TO JOIN THE HUNT

red fox. A run—and there might be two or three in one day—would last anywhere from a few minutes to several hours, and would often end with the fox taking to the branches. Thus (from his journals): "Went a Huntg. . . and killed a Dog Fox, after treading him in 35 mins. . . . Went a hunting after breakfast and found a Fox at Muddy Hole and killed her (it being a Bitch), after a chase of better than two hours, and treading her twice, the last of which times she fell dead out of the Tree. . . ." (Washington, as these excerpts indicate, was a more trustworthy sportsman than speller.)

Like most Tidewater gentlemen, Washington also bred and raised race horses and bet on them. He often attended the races at Annapolis, where on one trip he dropped £15 at the track (he failed to recoup his losses at cards in the evening).

In 1775 the General went off to war and did not return to live at Mount Vernon again for eight years. His kennels and stables fell off badly during the Revolution, but he rebuilt them (aided by Lafayette who gave him a pack of French stag hounds), and in 1785 once more took up the chase. He was then in his 50s and weighed about 200 pounds, but he never succumbed to paunchiness or lost the erect carriage of his youth. He was still, as he had been in one of the earliest descriptions of him, "straight as an Indian, measuring six feet two inches in his stockings, wide shouldered and neat-waisted." Thomas Jefferson, himself an accomplished horseman, said of Washington: "He is the best horseman of the age and the most graceful."

During this period of his Mount Vernon residence (1783-89) he hunted only 23 times and killed fewer than 10 fowls. His final hunt at Mount Vernon took place on February 15, 1788, a week before his 58th birthday: "Let out a Fox (which had been taken alive some days ago) and after chasing it an hour lost it."

Although Washington's passion was horses, he found time to fish the Potomac many times (with both line and net for sturgeon, sheepshead and shad), and he often went gunning on it for wildfowl. His journals are spotted with entries like this:

"Went a ducking between breakfast and dinner and killed a Mallard and 5 bald jacks." "Fishing for sturgeon but caught none." "In the afternoon went up the Ck. after Blew Wings. Killed 7 or 8."

Washington also liked to camp and hunt game in the wilderness. As a boy he had grown up with the western frontier at his door, and at 16 he rode off across the Blue Ridge into the Wild West of that time. He slept on the ground in his clothes, cooked his meat on forked sticks and watched Indian war dances. This was the first of many trips he made into the wilds before he married Martha.

He went far enough west to encounter buffalo in the fall of 1770 on a trip into the Ohio country to select land granted to veterans of the French and Indian War. The journals he kept during the trip note: "We proceeded up the River [The Kanawha, a tributary of the Ohio in what is now West Virginia] with the Canoe about 4 miles more, and then encamped and went a Hunting, killed 3 Buffaloes and wounded some others, three deer, etc. This country abounds in Buffalo and Wild game of all kinds as also in all kinds of wild fowl. . . ."

Upon his retirement from the presidency in 1797, Washington came home to spend the remaining two years of his life. As before he rode daily to inspect his lands, but never again did he go out with the hounds. He was then (as Curtis saw him): ". . . an old gentleman riding alone, in plain dark clothes, a broad-brimmed white hat, a hickory switch in his hand, an umbrella with a long staff which is attached to his saddle-bow." So he rode until December 12, 1799, two days before he died. (K.M.R.)

A QUESTION OF FAIRNESS

Sine:

A suggestion:

Dave Sine is unable to compete in the Olympic 200 because at the time of the National Collegiate races he suffered an injury. Everyone must admit he is our best man in that race, and he is kept out because the qualification rules insist on placing in either the National Collegiate or AAU races.

I think that a way could be devised to give such outstanding performers a further chance to qualify, while at the same time preserving the element of fairness to our other competitors in the same events.

Perhaps an Olympic committee could be empowered to make exceptions for men whose past records deserve it. It would seem that there is ample time to run special qualifying races for such people if necessary.

This is a matter for which SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, better than any other medium I can think of, could crusade.

AMORY T. FINE

Baltimore, Md.

■ The deed is done. See page 8.—ED.

A NEW CRITERION

Sine:

I quote your words introducing the lead article (*Superman in Spain*) of your June 4 issue: "There is the will to win which ultimately dominates. They may or may not play for money, medals or records. Victory is the supreme goal, and its dedicated quest sets them apart from Everyone."

The criterion of amateurism has been raised in the news lately in a context imprudent to lovers of sports. It seems to me that your statement constitutes a brilliant description—almost a definition—of the amateur in competitive sports.

May I offer for consideration and discussion a possible method of progress:

The designations "amateur" and "professional" shall apply officially only to duly authorized events, not to individuals.

An entrant may compete as a pro one day and an amateur the next, depending

on whether the event is for money or love. Committees in charge should be able to set such entry requirements (including bars to entry) as to obtain the type of field they wish.

Incentives for strictly subsidizing college athletes would be lessened, I think, if bona fide students were permitted to earn outside athletic money without incurring inside indignity.

HARRISON ROGERS

Las Vegas, Nev.

A DEPLORABLE SITUATION

Sine:

It is with deep interest that I have noted in recent months numerous discussions in relation to the coming Olympics.

Of all the material published, not one author has alluded to the fact that in Pierre de Coubertin's revision of the modern Olympic idea no point score is kept and a nation cannot win or lose. Newspapers and periodicals are concerned with "unofficial point totals," and paragraphs of newspaper are perfused by the unmistakable odor of political strife.

Athletics, and the Olympics in particular, should not be made a political battleground where ideologies clash instead of athletes engaged in clean, healthy competition. It is tragic that we, of all countries, should enter into and establish ourselves as part of such a deplorable situation.

As a coach of men, I perhaps realize better than most the importance of winning. No one in his right mind goes out on the field of sport to lose. However, it seems to me there are other important goals to be attained, especially in this Olympic year. Accomplishments in athletic, undreamed of 25 years ago, are a matter of record today, but man's understanding of his fellow man is as much an unknown quantity as it ever was.

PHILIP A. SEDOLAY
Swimming coach
Greene City College

Greene City, Pa.

LAURELS BESTOWED

Sine:

Congratulations upon winning the Benjamin Franklin Award. It certainly is an editorial achievement to pick a journal devoted to sports into as high a place of public service that it merits this honor. If old Ben himself were here he would surely be a reader.

ROBERT SPENCER CASE

Clearwater, Fla.

MANTLE AND THE GHOST

Sine:

I completely enjoyed your article *The Mantle of The Babe* (SL, June 18). I think it's high time that the public starts thinking of Mantle as a great player in his own right and not comparing him to a ghost.

GORDON C. O'BRIEN

Grosse Pointe Farms, Mich.

OVERBOARD?

Sine:

Come now, aren't you going a little overboard on Mickey Vernon? And by the way, what ever happened to Willie Mays?

Milwaukee Braves fans are supposed to be rather unsophisticated, but not even they call their Eddie Mathews another Babe Ruth. Yet Matthews' collapse Mantle is the shagging department every year.

Mathews and Mantle are the same age (24) and both started in the big leagues in 1952. Mantle played in major leagues for part of 1961 but Mathews is tops in home runs and runs batted in.

The record:

	HR	RBI	BA
1952	Mathews 25 68 .302		
	Mantle 23 67 .311		
1953	Mathews 47 125 .362		
	Mantle 33 92 .293		
1954	Mathews 46 103 .290		
	Mantle 27 102 .300		
1955	Mathews 41 101 .289		
	Mantle 37 99 .306		
Major League Totals			
	Mathews 133 397 .281		
	Mantle 188 390 .293		

MR. CAPER

by AJAY



Galey

When it comes to distance, Matthews hits them far enough to go over the fence and has hit some as far as Mantle, without the extra fanfare of tape measures.

Matthews and Mantle have much in common. They even were born seven days apart in 1931 (Matthews on Oct. 13 and Mantle on Oct. 20). Perhaps, being older, Matthews has the benefit of more experience.

RAY McBRIDE

Milwaukee

● A comparison of their records up to this season indicates that Matthews is superior to Mantle as a hitter, but it's unlikely that many baseball men would agree with the record. As SI reported (June 18): "The excitement surrounding Mantle goes beyond numbers. . . . Where others impress, Mantle awes, and even the knowing professional speaks reverently of him."

And for the latest addition to the imperishable record, this year through June 20 Mantle had 27 homers, 64 runs batted in and a .380 batting average. Matthews had 10 homers, 25 runs batted in and a .245 average.—ED.

COME HOME BILL VEECH

SI:

I just got your article *Indian Summer* (SI, June 4) and, although I am a Cleveland fan and boo the Indians, I can't help taking offense at some of your statements.

You're right about one thing: We in Cleveland are fed up with being second year after year. The Yankees didn't win the pennant last year—the Tribe last it.

Nevertheless, in Cleveland, we're really missing Bill Veech now. When he was here, he gave us exciting ball games to attend, while now all we do is sit at the ball park and watch our dull, old, lifeless team. We just hate the players to relieve the monotony. Please—come back, Bill Veech!

EMILY FITZGERALDS

Lakewood, Ohio

BRANCH'S CLASSIC BOMERS

SI:

May I offer a dissenting opinion in the "Rickey-did-it-for-the-Fire" ball-bats—has that caught the fancy of baseball feature writers of late (R & D, June 4).

For five years the Pittsburgh players and their capogest managers were subjected to a barrage of front-office directives and double talk that kept the team off balance most of the time. A few classic examples that come under the heading of Branch's Bomers were the attempts to send Dale Long to the minors and turn him into an outfielder. Rickey was recently quoted as saying that he thought Hall was potentially one of the game's greatest pitchers. This, after Rickey had kept Hall shagging fly balls for several years.

Most of the current Pirates stars, such as Long, Friedel, Thomas, etc., were with the organization before Rickey's notorious five-year program, resulting in five consecutive last place seasons, was launched.

I do not mean to discount Mr. Rickey. Certainly he is one of the outstanding figures in the history of baseball. He has done much for the game in general, and for the Cardinals and Dodgers in particular. But,

as for the Pirates—it's been a long five years, and that man in the shadows is right where he belongs.

P. E. FARRAN

Monroeville, Pa.

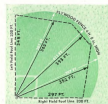
THE JERSEY CITY DODGERS

SI:

Congratulations on a magazine that I read every week. Would you please print the diagram for the Dodgers park in Jersey City as you did for all the other parks in the major leagues (SI, April 9)?

DONALD THURMAN

Berwyn, Ill.



JERSEY CITY'S ROOSEVELT STADIUM

● This field is slightly larger than Ebbets Field, whose measurements are denoted by black lines.—ED.

PARI-MUTUEL SEMANTICS

SI:

I am enclosing a copy of an address that I made before the Convention of the National Association of State Racing Commissioners in Chicago on June 28:

"I was very much surprised to read an article in SI, June 4, by Whitney Tower, who is usually well informed and friendly to the sport. In the article entitled *Racing the Race*, Tower states in part: 'Last year, for example, over \$2 billion was spent—perfectly legally—through the pari-mutuel machines on Thoroughbred racing (and, with nearly half a billion more spent on harness wagering), the total U.S. pari-mutuel turnover came to a staggering \$2,391,768,142.'"

"Tower is not the only one to create the impression that fans who attended the races during 1955 'spent' more than two and a half billion dollars at the race tracks. The information that this amount has been 'wagered' in the U.S. last year was publicized in many of the largest newspapers in America as having been 'lost' at the tracks. The fact is, of course, that at this amount, approximately 85%, or about \$2,110 million, was returned to the public. Additionally, out of approximately \$390 million, which was lost by racing fans, nearly \$200 million was retained by the various states in the form of taxes. Of the remaining approximate \$190 million more than 96% was used for purses and other track expenses."

"There is a prevailing opinion, particularly among people who do not patronize the race tracks, that betting is the only

reason why people go to the races. There is no doubt that racing could not exist without wagering, but it is a combination of the thrilling sport and the betting that makes racing the most popular sport in the world. No other sport draws crowds that equal those attracted by Thoroughbred racing, particularly in Europe and other countries. . . . What dinner proof need one have that the crowds that are attracted by horses such as Naskah and Swage and by races such as the Kentucky Derby?"

J. SAMUEL PERLMAN
Publisher

The Morning Telegraph
The Daily Racing Form

New York

● Why split hooves over the words spent and wagered? For that matter Mr. Perlman might have used the more proper word gambled instead of wagered, or, if he were a TV network, he could have called it audience participation. Our "usually well-informed" Whitney Tower (and his SI associates) knows as well as any racer that some 85% of the gambled money at tracks is returned to the public. And, like any better who gambles on the races, he is equally aware that the money spent isn't necessarily returned to those who spent it.—ED.

THE ADAMS SYSTEM

SI:

I was amused by the editor's comment "The editors await the system" to my recent letter stating that one could indeed beat the races (19th Hour, June 18). Well, surprise, surprise, here is my system.

To qualify as a possible selection a horse must pass these three criteria: He must be 5 years old or older. He must have won his last race within 10 calendar days of present race and, in addition, must show at least two wins in the past two years. Lastly, the weight he carries must be 120 pounds or more. This is especially important.

Two don'ts: if at the track do not play the horse unless it is 2-1 or better. If away from the track, consult the consensus page of the *Form* or *Telegraph*. Do not play if the horse has 20 points or more in this consensus (five selections). Lastly: If three horses qualify, the race should be passed. If two horses qualify, the most recent winner should be selected. If both horses won on the same day, play the horse who won for the highest closing price. If still a tie, pass. I realize the "workout" I gave is for a short period and therefore doesn't prove a great deal.

This system, if used from Aug. 18, 1955 through Nov. 12, 1955 for the major U.S. tracks, would have shown a total of 132 plays with 45 winners. This would come in a profit of \$231.50 on \$2 flat bets. On \$50 flat bets the profit would have amounted to \$5,285.88. The longest run of losses would have been eight.

Since writing you, the last bookie I know of has been told to close up shop. This is a sad state of affairs. Horse racing is steadily being made the "whipping boy" of sports. It is of course ridiculous that it should be legal to wager inside a track and a misdemeanor away from the tracks.

JACK ADAMS

Orland, Calif.

PAT ON THE BACK

JANE FERRIS AULL

As athletic instructor at the Los Angeles A.C., a family club, this pretty blonde swimming specialist has also proved to be outstandingly successful at conducting calisthenics classes for tired, paunchy businessmen. "I sometimes think they're going to throw that medicine ball right through each other," reports one recent observer.

BETTY AND PAUL GOULAIS

Expert swimmers and excellent students, Betty and Paul Goulais of the Garden Village Indian Reserve in northern Ontario are shown with trophies honoring them as Canada's outstanding young Indians in sports and recreation. The awards memorialize the Dominion's great Indian marathoner of the early 1900s, Tom Longboat.





Born 1820...still going strong



Red Label—Black Label—both 50.5 proof.

MEET A GREAT SCOT! People are always proud to welcome Johnnie Walker aboard, for his presence signals good taste. You'll do well to join the distinguished circle of Johnnie Walker's friends. You will find this celebrated traveler a Scotch of rare, natural lightness and wonderful flavour. Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York, N.Y., Sole Importer.

JOHNNIE WALKER *Blended Scotch Whisky*

New Shu-Lok. opens up for easy on, easy
off and easy going all the way

the Pedwin
muskie

New Shu-Lok® slides
open, snaps shut . . .
There are no laces to tie,
break, or bind. Trim-
looking, plain toe in black,
as you see it here . . .
also in wine and maple.
Pedwin Division,
Brown Shoe
Company,
St. Louis



10⁹⁵

Other styles
\$8.95 to \$10.95
Higher Dressing Wear



Pedwin®
YOUNG IDEAS IN SHOES